

THE
WORKS
OF
Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. VI.

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OF THE REVEREND

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN
SIX VOLUMES.

Carefully Compared and Corrected by the Author's Edition.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN DONALDSON, corner of
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M.DCC.LXXIV.

WORKS

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG

SIX VOLUMES

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VOLUME SIXTH

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, in the Strand

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A
VINDICATION
OF
P R O V I D E N C E:
OR, A
TRUE ESTIMATE
OF
H U M A N L I F E.
IN WHICH THE
P A S S I O N S
A R E
Considered in a New Light.

VOL. VI.

A

VINDICATION

OF

P. O. VINDICATION

OF

TRUE ESTIMATE

OF

HUMAN LIFE

IN WHICH THE

P. A. S. J. O. S.

CONSIDERED IN A NEW LIGHT

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following discourse is as happy in its execution, as it is important in its design, it will not be (give me leave to say) altogether unworthy of a royal patronage.

The design is of great consequence, and I think new: it is to remove a prevailing and inveterate mistake, which first sprang, and now thrives, in a soil too indulgent to it; and a soil too difficultly subdued; the pride, and ill-nature, and melancholy, and vice, of mankind. I mean, Madam, that false opinion, that reflection on Providence, “That this world is, in its own nature, that is, by God’s appointment, a world of sorrow, a scene of misery. a vale of tears; and that, to be in it, is to be wretched unavoidably.” Whereas this treatise shall endeavour to make it manifest, that Providence is not only gracious in the composition, studious of the accommodation, preventive of the accidents, corrective of the mistakes, and liberal to the wants, but lavish also to the luxuries, of man; and that God does not only permit but enable us, and not only enable but enjoin us, to be happy; happy, to a much greater degree than we are, that is, than we chuse to be.

Nor is that error I combat, an error of the vulgar, unlearned, or sinful, only: but the learned, wise, and good, have fatally contributed their sacred authority towards the propagation and establishment of it: either through inadvertency, or the resentment of present pain, or an indiscreet though well-intended zeal in the recommendation of a better world.

Most of them have, as it were casually, let fall from their pens, which pursued some other principal

DEDICATION.

point, too severe and unguarded intimations to the discredit of our present state: many have made an invective on this life, a general drift that mingled itself in all their discourses and conversations: and some have made it their particular theme; and avowedly, determinately, and strictly, drove at this very point; without adjoining the true causes, the proper cures, the right uses, and salutary effects, of our misfortunes and pains; and thus have left grounds of future argument against the goodness, and thrown a present cloud over the glory, of the great Disposer of events, the King of time, and of eternity.

Let, Madam, one of his most shining representatives on earth patronize and vindicate a vindication of His providence; let one of the principal ornaments of human life indulge a true estimate of it; let her graciously defend a refutation of an error which flows from a decay of that faith, of which our dread sovereign is the great defender; and which leads to a corruption of that morality, of which her own correct conduct is the distinguished glory. Let that Queen, who is nearly concerned in the sad occasion that turned my thoughts on this subject, take it into their protection; her protection will recommend it to the world, and her example will supply the defects of this composition on it.

And, Madam, as your example will assist me, so that good Providence, whose ways I presume to assert, grant, that your fortune may too! That your most sacred majesty, from this joyful and unclouded morning of your reign, may shine forth a long and illustrious day, as an unanswerable instance of temporal happiness, and an unquestionable heir of eternal, is the constant and fervent prayer of,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most obedient,

And most dutiful subject,

E. YOUNG.

P R E F A C E.

I Know not well why, but the passions are a favourite subject with mankind. The reason may possibly be, because men are much concerned with them, both as to themselves and others; and where we have a self-concern, we have an attention: or, because they are such powerful and universal springs, that almost all the pleasures, pains, designs and actions of life are owing to them; and therefore it is our interest to know them well: or, because every man carrying them in his own breast, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able judge of such compositions; and thus his pride has a fondness for them: or, because the passions, like the boy at the fountain, fall in love with their own representation: or, because many are all passion; and if men consider a treatise on the passions as a history of themselves, it is no wonder they read it with pleasure: or, because what a most celebrated ancient writ on this subject is lost, to the great regret of the learned and polite world, which is studious of some reparation of that loss; and the more so, because what other ancients have left on that head, is imperfect and short.

Being sensible how difficult it is to gain attention for works of Divinity, I have insisted more on the passions than any other head of the following discourse; in hopes of a more welcome reception prepared for it, by that general taste or disposition of heart, which I have mentioned. I have marked the distinctions and peculiarities of the passions, with some care.

A French author has treated of them with such accuracy and applause, that it conciliated to him the particular favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the death of the author of that piece, though she had never seen the man.

But he had a wrong bias on him through the whole, to the prejudice of it; nor could I reap any advantage from him besides that of having such an example of industry and discernment; of which, what use I have made, I do not hope, but fear, the reader will too easily perceive. That author indeed displays the passions at large, and pursues them into all their several branches; whereas I could find room for the primary or radical passions only, at present; but they may one day shoot, under her majesty's benign influence, (who, like the queen above-mentioned, is the greatest encourager of arts,) and give that one tree of human knowledge its entire growth.

But as imperfect as the discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible,) I persuade myself the reader will find an uncommon variety in it: and that the observations, which are by no means drawn from books, but the life, are so far just, that any one who is at the pains of looking on them, may possibly find truths which his own experience can attest; and thus be a witness, as well as a judge, of what is here written: he may find some traces, some features, of his own condition, as the Trojan met his own picture on a foreign shore. I wish (a rare wish in a writer!) that I could be refuted in what is here advanced; for some of the truths are very melancholy. I hope the great length will be excused, since the nature of the subject might easily have betrayed me into a much greater transgression against the common limits of this kind of writing.

If this piece in any tolerable degree answer its title, a perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the desiderata in literature, and that of the nearest and most general concern to man.

TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

COLoss. iii. 2.

*Set your affections on things above, and not on things
on the earth.*

WE by no means question, but that the birth, and life, and death, and resurrection, of our LORD, were acts of infinite merit; merit sufficient to satisfy God's justice, and bring sinners to the terms of reconciliation and salvation: but we must not imagine, that they wrought any change or confusion in the nature of things. God is as pure as ever, and iniquity is as much his aversion; though he can be reconciled to sinners, he cannot be reconciled to sin; and though the sinner may be saved, he cannot be saved unless he first be changed; for heaven has no more admittance for corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable holiness of God requires, that, notwithstanding all our LORD has done to save us, we should still "work out our own salvation," by a conformity to his example, as well as a dependence on his merit; nor, most impiously, make his merit an encouragement of sin.

For this reason, the Christian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to rise again, in a moral sense; for, in the natural, all these acts are acts of necessity. These expressions import so many several stages in the Christian course.

8 A TRUE ESTIMATE

By nature we are born of flesh and blood, which gives us a constitution fond of what is present, and careless of what is future: and therefore, to secure the future, we are told, that the spirit of GOD is a new principle of life, which, when received into the soul, will impress on it new thoughts, new aims, and new desires; and to receive this principle, and these impressions, is the Christian birth.

By nature we live a life of sense and self-will, which is destructive of our eternal interest; and therefore we are enjoined to take the will of CHRIST for our rule, and his practice for our example; and this is the Christian life.

By nature we die through a separation of soul and body: but this separation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to sin; and this is the Christian death.

By nature (or by GOD's appointment in nature) we are to rise again, whether we will or no: but nothing that is of pure force can produce an effect to any one's spiritual advantage; and therefore are we to rise by choice; that is, "by setting our affections on things above;" and this is the Christian resurrection; the perfection of the Christian state, and that which the text particularly calls for.

I shall begin with explaining the words. The first word in the original text contains the whole act of our duty: we translate it "set your affections;" but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing, without judging of its worth; nor can we judge of the worth of any thing, without taking it into our thoughts; and the word signifies each of these acts, to *think* *, to *judge* †, to *love* ‡. Thus the whole signification of the word not only teaches us the whole act of our duty, but likewise the method necessary for the practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

* Rom. xii. † Rom. xiv. ‡ in the text.

The next words are "things above:" shewing the object of our duty. Now things above, in the style of Scripture, signify the things of grace and the things of glory. The things of grace are holiness, justice, temperance, charity, and all other Christian virtues. Prov. xv. 24. "The way of life is above to "to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath:" that is, every wise man will be religious; for this is the way above, that upper, exalted way that leads to life: but sin is the low and ignominious way; so low, that there is nothing beneath it but hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, By things above, are meant the things of glory; as the beatific vision of God, the presence of CHRIST, the conversation of angels, the fellowship of saints; bodies glorified, souls ennobled, faculties enlarged, and entertained with transporting objects, and replenished with unmixed joys! All these things are meant by things above; and one would imagine, that an injunction could not be ungrateful, to "set our affections on things" like these.

And yet it is ungrateful to most of us; and that for this reason, because there are things on the earth too, things contrary in their nature, and inconsistent in their choice, with the things now mentioned; pleasant things, and such whose pleasures are present, and palpable, and always at hand: pleasures of appetite and sense, those winning masters, under whose dominion we spend the first of our years for want of reason; and (too often) the rest, in spite of it: pleasures, that through their number, and opportunity, and prepossession, and custom, get such a fatal ascendant, that unless we are always on our guard against them, our love of things above will either never spring, or (what is all one) never come to maturity. And this is the reason of that caution superadded in the last words of the text, "not on things of the "earth."

Having thus explained the words, I proceed to shew the particular method of practising the duty contained in them; which consists (as I have already intimated) in those three acts; first, Thinking of; secondly, Judging; thirdly, Loving, the things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our duty. Nothing can act on the soul but by the mediation of thought: That which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not; and therefore, it is not so much the beauty, or excellency, or gratefulness, or fitness, of an object, as thought, that makes us love. The object brings in the matter, but thought gives the form to the passion; and if we think not of a thing, it is impossible we should love it, be it ever so lovely.

If therefore we would work ourselves to a proper zeal for things above, it is necessary that we should allow ourselves stated seasons of thinking on them: we must call them into our mind, and make them the matter of our serious contemplation; and then the most desirable things will certainly move in us a suitable desire.

Nor is it strange that thought should be necessary to give us an affection for things spiritual and remote, when it is necessary to give us a perception of things sensible and at hand. The eye may be open on an object which it does not see, and the ear struck with sounds which it does not hear, if thought is intensely engaged another way. But small attention, indeed, is necessary to give things sensible and present their full force on us; and this is the reason of that advantage which earthly things have on our choice above heavenly: they are immediate; their presence is their power. But religious thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal advantage; which is a strong argument for the practice of this duty: thought can make absent things present; take away the distance between earth and heaven; and make an eternal good,

though future, a better entertainment, and fuller satisfaction to the mind, than all the pleasures of sin, though at hand.

I confess, indeed, since heaven forces itself on our thoughts, from a thousand occasions, whether we will or no, that many think of heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every man desires it in proportion to his thinking: for no man but wishes for heaven, while heaven is on his mind; and if every transient glance of thought can procure a wish, it is a good argument that a fixed and frequent contemplation would produce no less than an effectual will. If therefore we affect not heaven enough, it is because we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one strange consideration which offers itself on this subject: Since our common notion of things above represents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it possible that they should not ever engage our thoughts? how is it possible, that mankind, which abhors nothing so much as pain, should not be for ever meditating on that place, which we confess to be the seat of perfect exemption from it? how is it possible, that mankind, which toils out a weary life in eager pursuits of every appearance of good, should forget that which we confess the supreme? for it is too manifest, that as the thoughts of heaven, and heavenly things, enter most rarely into our minds, so they hang the most loosely there, and are soonest dislodged from their slender hold on us. Every new object, though never so trifling, foreign, or absurd, is sufficient to divert us from the importance of them.

The holy scripture is frequent in asserting, that the devil is actually and perpetually conversant among us; his end and business being to seduce, deceive, and destroy. Nor can there be a greater human demonstration of this truth, than this instance of

our thoughts, with regard to the contemplation of eternal happiness; wherein their slackness, avocations, startings, wanderings, and interruptions, are so unaccountable, so contrary to their nature and manner of attention, when applied to wordly objects, that they cannot seem to receive their conduct from any principle, either voluntary or mechanical, that is purely within ourselves, but from the extrinsic influence and injection of that evil spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, Mat. xiii. 19. with this very fact of snatching away good thoughts from the heart of man.

And, indeed, if men but grant that there is such a power, and that he can tempt us, (which if we deny, we must cease to be Christians,) the other follows of itself: for the region of the soul, in which the devil forges his wiles to deceive us, is the imagination; and his manner of working is by forming images, or exciting motions, there, which become the immediate matter of our thought; and his time of working is then particularly when he perceives our minds are religiously disposed, for then he is most afraid of losing his hold on us. And thence comes to pass (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the seasons of devotion, a languor and inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before nor after: for then especially he attempts our imagination, and throngs it with foreign matter. As therefore my text requires the "setting our thoughts on things above," in order to create such a relish and kindle such a desire as is due to them; so, in order to setting our thoughts on them, it is necessary to superadd this rule, That in the seasons assigned for such contemplation, we should always guard our thoughts with that petition in the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us from evil," that evil one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us, to snatch away good thoughts from our hearts.

But a persuasive to serious contemplation (and nothing less than serious contemplation is sufficient) must seem strange to so gay an age, which has distinguished itself by nothing more than by carrying diversions to their greatest and most expensive height; diversions, which are the reverse of serious thought: an age, which particularly may be said, with Sempronius, “* *Pfallere et saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ. Pecuniæ an famæ minus parceret haud facile discerneres.*” I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of some effect on all that hear it attentively.

“Ah! my friends! while we laugh, all things are serious round about us: GOD is serious, who exerciseth patience towards us; CHRIST is serious, who shed his blood for us; the HOLY GHOST is serious, who striveth against the obduracy of our hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world; the holy sacraments represent the most serious and awful matters; the whole creation is serious in serving GOD, and us; all that are in heaven or hell are serious; how then can we be gay?” To give these excellent words their full force, it should be known, that they come not from the priesthood, but the court; and from a courtier as eminent as England ever boasted.

I shall now proceed to my second head, *judging* of the things above; which is the second act of our duty. As *judging* of them, without *thinking*, which some do (or our conversations and pressies would not be so guilty as they are,) is *preposterous*; so *thinking* of them, without *judging*, is *incompetent* and *short*. We must therefore judge likewise of the things above; that is, we must think of them comparatively, weigh them against all other things that may possibly stand in competition with them; and so, on a

rational and mature deliberation, give them that preference which they so well deserve.

Now this second act of the soul is necessary for the fixing our affections, for this reason; because the simple act of thinking, indifferently raises our love to every thing that is pleasureable; but when judgment comes to examine and discern between those pleasureable things, it will find that some of them must be forgone and rejected of necessity, because they are inconsistent with and destructive of each other. And this, in a particular manner, is the case between things above, and things upon the earth; both of them offer pleasures, and such pleasures as must necessarily engage our affections on our first contemplation of them: but those two kinds of pleasures are inconsistent; so contrary to each other, both in their nature and their means, that it is impossible for one soul to pursue both; such therefore as entertain a distracted inclination for both of them, are called, in scripture, men of two souls.

Since, then, it is necessary to chuse one, in order to enjoy either, let our judgment examine these two competitors for our affections, things above, and things upon the earth, and see which of them is most likely to bring in the fullest satisfaction to our souls.

First, let us put this world in the balance: and, to avoid confusion in so wide a subject, let us separately consider the different orders, ages, aims, relations, constitutions, tempers, and passions, of men; and see this variety united in uneasiness and complaint.

First, As to their orders. The peasant complains aloud; the courtier in secret repines: in want, what distress? in affluence, what satiety? The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to labour with success. In retirement, what oscitancy, what heaviness? In the world, what

conflict, what fatigue? The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are disappointed; the knowing, through knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions mistake, mistake disappointment, and disappointment is misery: knowledge, on the other hand, gives true judgment; and true judgment of things below, gives a demonstration of their insufficiency to our peace. Good fortune makes the will undisciplined and dissolute, the imagination vain, the passions strong, and the understanding weak: a miserable state! Affliction is the best school of wisdom; no volumes are an equivalent for the necessity of reflection that lays us under: but then it must be confessed we pay dear for its instruction; and since the end of wisdom is to lead us to pleasure, what signifies that wisdom which is accompanied with pain?

The marriage-state only may be the most happy, but is the most dangerous; as fruitful of calamities, as it is of relations; whose capacity of being our greatest pleasures, is likewise their capacity of being our greatest pains. And if we consult experience more than reason in this point, we have grounds to fear the worst. Nor is reason entirely on the other side; for if there are more vices than virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate accidents in life, the balance, in this state, will probably turn against us: the good in it we look on as our due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper emotion of heart; the bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the resentment of it: the shaft is sharp; the surprise dips it in poison, and doubles our anguish. Both parties look on all that the other can do for them as an absolute debt: this notion leaves both a much less power to oblige, than to disgust; and consequently makes disquiets almost unavoidable.

The state of celibacy, unless it can work out an artificial happiness from the absence of evils, (which requires a peculiar strength of mind,) is a desert,

melancholy, and disconsolate state: at the maturity of life, tender affections awake in the heart, which demand their proper objects, and pine for the want of them. In this state of celibacy, they must either be extinguished, or continued without gratification: the first is a great violence to Nature; the second her lasting pain, and a pain of that kind which furnished the Platonists with their principal idea of hell. Our paternal affections must be drawn off, like a mother's milk; or they will corrupt, and turn to disease.

Husband and father are the titles of honour which Nature dispenses, and endows them with greater pleasure than any titles which Fortune can confer. They that resist the impulses of Nature, are resisted by her in their new schemes of enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful adversary. He that has children multiplies himself, and gives happiness many channels by which to flow in upon him: letting the heart stream out in tenderness on its proper objects, as it is the greatest duty, so it is the greatest blessing of life: to have no one to whom we most heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable state. It may be said, Wisdom will provide us with such objects in every condition: it may; but it would cost us less pains, if we suffered Nature to ease her of that trouble.

Persons of birth, riches, power, and talents, those shining and envied characters, have all their peculiar evil, the growth of their respective states.

1st, Persons of birth: these have their eye on their ancestors, and would have their glory subsist on the merit of the dead. This the world will not agree to; but thinks that an argument for attainments of their own, which the great by birth look on as their exemption from the labour of them: thus are they pained, where they expect homage to find reproach. They condemn those of mean extraction; and by that

contempt, as it were, exact their hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad consequences of it. Ardently they desire honours, because it is natural to men to desire an accumulation of that good, of which already they enjoy a share: hence a disappointment in this pursuit is more stinging to them than others. Who is truly more noble for his high birth? He that despises it; he that despises it as a possession, but values it as an incitement to virtue. Their appellations are their instructors: they are styled Noble on a presumption that they retain the virtue, their blood is styled Generous on a presumption that they retain the high nature, of their ancestors; their riches are not sufficient.

2dly, Men of riches. These men, which is natural, are so high in opinion of what they largely possess, that they think to have riches is to have every thing; that they think, them the price for, and title to, all the world can give, or man enjoy. Hence high expectations and high resentments, and every evil is aggrandized by these. Every wrong accident is a calamity; and not only a calamity, but an injury too; for have not they a title to better things? Others, when they are sick, are sorry; but these are angry also, and look on a gout, or a fever, as an object of resentment; which is still the stranger, because, for the most part, they invite them to their habitations.

3dly, Men of power. They that have it in their power to make the fortune and reputation of others, may have, and often have, as many enemies as those whose fortune and reputation they do not make. For men are so fond of themselves, as to think, that all others can do, they should do for them. This is unjust, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the uneasy, instead of venting their passion by striking the air, as it is natural for the peevish in their gusts of rage to do, vent it often on men in power, by shooting their arrows at them, even bitter words; because

men are apt to think they contract an importance, from the importance of those they injure. Whereas it is rare that men in power give just offence to such as these: if they injure, they stoop not to these, they level at the great; for that gives their dignity the highest satisfaction. The great often justly are, the mean often unjustly will be, their enemies. Where then are their friends? They must be few; and those few are more likely to be secret enemies to them, than to any others with whom they pass for friends: because, first, Men of power create the greatest envy, which is our strongest passion: secondly, Their ruin would afford the largest plunder; and our own emolument is our chiefest aim.

4thly, Men of talents. If they exert them, it will cost them much pains, and they may probably fail of success, through malice of accident, or indiscretion of choice. Or, if they succeed in their labour, their labour may not succeed in its reputation: or if it does, it is only setting themselves a hard task for the future; for it is double shame to fall beneath themselves. Fame is generally these mens aim; and to fail of our aim, be it ever so idle, is infelicity. An author at his lamp tells himself in triumph, Now the toil is almost over, the purchase at hand; he is within a month of immortality. But on publication he finds the payment deferred, deferred to the day of his death; too late a payment of that which he cannot transfer to his heir. There is no stronger infatuation than this desire of chimerical immortality. It is very strange; but the secret of it is this: God implanted in the soul a violent desire of approbation, in order to stimulate man into an attainment of his own approbation, which is the most valuable; as he implanted in the soul strong hope, and fear, and love, that he himself might be the object of them, as my text directs: but as these affections, when they stop short on temporals, become pains;

so this violent desire of approbation, when it stops short at men, becomes, though most admirably wise in God's design, that ridiculous and seemingly unaccountable folly of which I speak: and the wisest of men, not attending to this, have sometimes started in surprise and shame, on discovering that some of their noblest designs had their rise and termination in that most despicable point, the opinion of men. Thus you see, that the thirst of approbation, when misapplied, becomes a folly, and incurs a shame which it would most avoid. And this is the state of the greatest gifts that Omnipotence can bestow, when turned on improper ends. This, therefore, which might seem digressive, is not so: it tends to demonstrate the miseries of this life; since hence it appears, that we have reason to stand in dread of the very excellencies of our nature, as well as the imperfections of it.

Secondly, Consider the different ages. Young men desire passionately, and therefore are afflictively disappointed. They desire chiefly gratifications of sense; and therefore soon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations; and therefore, as some things by nature cannot, others through their own temper shall not, please them long.

They are fastidious in their pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted the prerogative of their time of life; thus they reject many, and impair the rest.

They are prone to anger, because unsubdued by fortune, and unapprised by wisdom of what they ought to expect: hence they are displeased with others without cause, and then with themselves for being so; for generally their sense of being in the wrong is as quick, as their propensity to it is strong.

They have not a sufficient regard for things of uti-

lity (because they never wanted), and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taste, pleases them more: hence they are very tender of their honour, before they have gained any: and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things also that are not.

They are credulous, because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived: and hence, from too fond an opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a dislike for mankind; as fruitful a source of evil, as their first mistake.

The young man's field of reflection is small, for little is past; his field of hope is large, for much is to come; which falling in with vivacity of spirits, and vanity of heart, he indulges it to the exclusion of necessary fear, which is the shield of life; and hence he is perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health, or all.

He delights in extremes; whereas virtue is in the mean, and happiness dwells with her. He is a squanderer of wealth, as well as of health, peace, and reputation; and by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age; of which I am now to speak.

Age is infested with suspicion, excess of caution, disaffection, pusillanimity, illiberality, querulousness, immodesty, garrulity, want of compassion, solid hatred, moroseness, inordinate self-love, extreme covetousness, and distempers.

An old man is suspicious, because experienced. For the knowledge and distrust of mankind are inseparable. Now, he that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a centinel, of a centinel never relieved; whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.

Allied to suspicion is excess of caution: wisdom, coldness of temperance, and sometimes ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall chuse one instance that includes them all. In points of speculation, he rarely af-

firm or denies any thing positively, though he is best able to do it: he knows nothing, but is of such an opinion on most occasions; by which, one thing he means, is, to call younger men fools (who delight in a more sanguine style), and thus artfully to gratify his disaffection to them.

He is all disaffection: I speak in general. He loves nobody; because formerly, very probably, his good inclinations have been abused; besides, the affections as naturally contract in the evening of life as flowers at the departure of the sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none, nor is loved or enjoyed by any.

He is pusillanimous, from decay of spirit, and the blows of fortune. Now pusillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He is querulous; which is the voice of pusillanimity, and an infallible source of contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how easy to lose; as likewise, from a growing passion for the security of to-morrow; whereas to-day is the mistress of youth. Now illiberality is the source of hatred, as generosity is of love.

He is immodest: I mean, hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinion of others, because he disesteems them; and disesteems them, because he knows them; and praise and dispraise we disesteem, when we disesteem those from whom they come. Now this immodesty is a source both of hatred and contempt. Besides, virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praise, which is a food of it.

He is talkative, because his largest scenes ly backward; and his talk on the past is always a censure on the present. now he that censures is displeased. Besides, this talkativeness is disgusting on two accounts: first, as he is generally his own theme; secondly, as it runs counter to the fire and activity of younger men, to whom he speaks.

His compassion is slight, from his familiarity with

misfortunes; and his hatred is solid, more apt to vent itself in deeds than words, from the maturity of his wisdom, which loves things effectual and to the purpose. His former qualities put him in a state of war with mankind: this, in a state of war that gives no quarter.

He is morose, and an inordinate lover of himself. The first, because he envies the pleasures which he cannot partake. There is no such thing, at least in our climate, as a gay old man: a fly in winter is for nations nearer the sun. He is the second, because men rise in fondness for things, in proportion to their hazard of losing them; and his life is on the departure. Hence absurdly his passion for it increases, as its value fails. Now from all that has been said,

His extreme covetousness is accounted for. Money has two excellent qualities for him: first, It will do that for him, which no one thing will willingly do: it will keep him company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his errands; it will procure him smiles and bows, and all the outside of affection and respect. Secondly, as it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But not to aggravate this matter, (which it little needs!) granting, that as youth is the reign of vehement desire, and vehement desire is a disease, a fever, a pain; so age, indeed, brings on a serenity; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune, and vigour impaired no longer scorches us with the violence of desire. Granting, that the mind gains that strength which the body loses, and intellectual pleasures are then in their full force; yet so, it must be confessed, are

Distempers too; and what comfort is there in an hospital, or a storm? In youth, what disappointments of our own making? in age, what disappointments from the nature of things? Human life has, then, its morning and evening; but the evening and morning

are one day; a day of sorrows! different indeed in sort, but in essence the same. And this is the reason why men, always unhappy, are always expecting happiness. For had we no change of scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectation: whereas we now are amused with hope, which for pleasure gives us change of pain; we are wretched and deceived, which increases our wretchedness; for every sorrow receives a new sting, from our expectation of the contrary.

Thirdly, Consider our aims. If we let loose our wishes at things above our desert, how rarely we succeed! or if we succeed, how are we pained with the fears of exposing our insufficiency! How shall we make good the promise our fortune has made to the world? We must live in perpetual constraint; be forever sweating under a mask of form and artifice, which, in spite of all our care, the wise will see through; and at their mercy we ly for the precarious character we preserve. And how ridiculous a sight is it to see a man embarrassed by good fortune, and struggling with his own success! To take up more money than our estate can answer, in time, is certain ruin: to take up more reputation than our merit can answer, in time, is as certain shame.

If our fortune, on the other hand, falls below our desert, how careless are we of exerting those capacities we are really masters of, and of levying that advantage and reputation which is due to them! Our preferment is our punishment; and the consciousness of our worth is at once our pride and our affliction: how unpromising a scene is that for happiness, where our merit increases the number of our pains!

If our aims are proportioned to our desert, we may indeed succeed; but our success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see (as soon we shall)

our inferiors in merit get the start of us in place and fortune; when we find our wisdom and modesty less advantageous than the rashness and confidence of other men.

If we stand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a solitary and uncomfortable, dominion; unrefreshed with hope, which is the life of life itself. If we have our attachments, and lean against our superiors, it is often a shining servitude, a promising anxiety, that excites indeed our spirits, but torments them too, during the suspense; and as often deceives, as satisfies, in the end. Which has most happiness? a servile hope, or a hopeless independency? He that has many hopes, has many possibilities of disappointment: he that has few, has few occasions of joy.

If we converse with our inferiors or equals only, we sacrifice the advancement of our fortune to present ease and complacency: if with our superiors, we, in some measure, sacrifice our ease and complacency to our fortune; our caution must be always awake, our abilities always on the stretch; and conversation, which was designed to recreate, must become a discipline and an enterprize.

Moreover, it is expectation from superiors that is apt to give a painful and unreasonable awe of them; an awe due rather to God than man. It is that which annoys our breasts with pusillanimous doubts and fears; that makes the little heart play its servile passions in all their force, at a smile or a frown; which he that does not *expect*, is free from himself, and in others most justly contemns. The most despicable weakness any one man can be guilty of, is an undue fear of another; which expectation is apt to subject him to.

Obscurity has its obvious disadvantages; and a great name is the mark of envy and reproach; or if reproach spare it, it must be nurtured or lost. Time

itself will work decay in glory as in other things, unless it be kept in repair at the expence of returning pains, and a succession of deserts: and if preserved, it has its moral evils; fame from letters makes a man unsociable and overbearing; fame from political wisdom, designing; and fame from arms, incorrect of life. It has likewise its natural evils: for since fame is the general mistress of mankind, he that enjoys it has almost as many rivals as men, and often as many foes as rivals.

One man aims at making his happiness by philosophy, another by fortune. The first is stemming the stream of the world, and his own nature, with endless labour; the second is carried away by that stream with endless hazard, and every wave is master of his peace.

One follows fancy; and by that time the thing fancied is attained, his fancy for it is fled. Another follows custom, and is fashionably pleased in contradiction to his own heart: seeming to be happy, is his happiness; now seeming happiness implies the want of it. A third follows reason; and reason puts us out of humour with almost every thing about us.

If men have no pursuits, they are a burden to themselves; if they have, disappointments are a greater. What disappointments interrupt the most successful prosecutions! and, what is worse, possession is the greatest disappointment of all; it destroys the very phantom of happiness, our pleasing error, our sweet flatterer hope, which before we enjoyed. The man of success, and of the highest advancement, first indeed laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at himself. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his fondness: he is grieved, he is surprised, he is angry, that the absence of those things was able to give him so much pain, the presence of which can afford so

little enjoyment. But he usually keeps the secret, in poor hopes of that enjoyment from the mistaken envy of others, which the things envied cannot give him, and takes a malicious pleasure in seeing his unwarned followers deceived as well as himself. There is ever a certain languor attending the fulness of prosperity: when the heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its possession; and the energy of the soul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour. Who is so wretched as the man that is overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting superiority of fortune should give some superiority of happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the endearments of life, increases, at the same time, the terrors of death. Which leads me to

The fourth consideration, that of our relations in life. A wife, a child, dear to us as our own bosoms in which they ly, what cowards do they make us! What are their endearments, their softness, their charms, but new terrors in the frown, and new shafts in the quiver, of misfortune and death? There is something truly formidable in having such tender blessings as these; and every wise and feeling heart, while it is transported at the thoughts of them, must tremble too.

But all relations are not pained through tenderness of affection. While the father is solicitous for the welfare of his son, how solicitous and impatient is the son (very often) for the death of that very father! What are alliances of blood, but titles for expectation? and what are titles for expectation, but exposures to disappointment, and aggravations of its smart? All that seeming family endearment, comfort, and complacency, which we figure to ourselves at a distance, what is it (too often!) but mutual attacks on the peace, plots on the riches, hopes

from the sickness, and joy from the deaths, of each other?

The servant envies his master; and sometimes the master his servant, and perhaps with more justice; but justly neither: for if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the world from one sin, there would be no such thing as envy upon earth: envy, which is a double folly; folly as it is a sin, and folly as it is a mistake: for it results from the supposition of that, which is not the superior happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, As to constitutions and tempers: in health, what temptation? in sickness, what pain? The misery of many is wrapped up in their very veins; how then shall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how may purchase, distempers? Earthquake, storm, war, sweep not half so many as diseases, which we knowingly contract by carelessness and excess. Women, as they are less subject to pains of mind, are more subject to pains of the body, than men, to balance that account.

He that is infirm dies daily, and loses all the pleasure of life: he that knows no infirmities, observes not the lapse of time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for death: but suppose a man has health and wisdom too, how many find in their tempers an enemy to peace!

The tempers are, as I take it, lesser passions, or various fainter shades or blendings of those strong colours on the soul of man. The gloomy, peevish, sanguine, phlegmatic, good-natured, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, suspicious, refining, reserved, affable, fearless, timid, modest, proud, delicate, and insensible temper, have all their peculiar evils.

A gloomy temper surveys every thing in the worst light, and can discover no blessings.

A peevish temper quarrels with the blessings it discovers, with its friends, itself; and defeats the labour of Providence for its satisfaction.

The sanguine overshoots; the phlegmatic desponds; the mild tempts insults; the choleric is its own tormentor.

If a man is good-natured, his friends devour him; if not, his foes.

The impatient feel as much uneasiness from the slow approach of pleasure, as others from the despair of it.

To the thoughtless and improvident, the surprise of every disappointment doubles its pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the constant expectation of calamity is a calamity itself.

If a man is haughty, and too tender of his honour, he gives the power of hurting him to every wretch that can shew disrespect: and who cannot? If he is remiss and negligent of respect, men will withhold real services, because their ceremonial was not sufficiently welcome: he loses the substance, because he will not catch at the shadow. But forms are more than shadows; they are the robe and defence of realities, which will ever run some hazard when we throw them off.

The very courteous lessen their favours by giving them the appearance of a debt, through their frequent professions of kindness. The favours of an arrogant man are received unthankfully; because, thro' too great a consciousness of them, he is his own paymaster. And yet he who does not sometimes assert his own merit, will soon have painful suspicions that the former is in the right.

The suspicious, in some measure, justify those injuries they expect. A person of small merit is anxiously jealous of imputation on his honour, because

he knows his title is weak : one of great merit turbidly resents them, because he knows his title is strong.

The refining temper is expressly a maker of evils. Not to be obliged by superiors, it construes an injury; to be obliged by inferiors, an affront. To have its wants relieved, it construes an affectation of superiority in its benefactor; not to have them relieved, a contempt. It can work wonders to its own disadvantage; and make a look or gesture it disapproves, a serious misfortune.

Reserve may procure respect, but it gives a disposition to hatred; because that respect is involuntary, and, as it were, extorted; and we hate every thing that invades the freedom of our choice.

Affability procures good-will, but may give a disposition to contempt; because it gives us cheaply that which we desire, and the difficulty of the attainment enhances the value of things.

A fearless temper impairs our caution, and makes us careless of exerting our outmost strength; a timid, gives our understanding the strongest arguments for exerting our strength, but at the same time enfeebles the heart in the execution of what appears so reasonable.

A native modesty in man may conciliate love from the many, but forbids esteem from the wise: because with them no act has merit, but what has choice; and these chuse not modesty by their reason, but suffer it from their constitutions.

Proud men are apt to be injurious, because it is a mark of superiority: they strike more through vanity than malice! but then, as it is a mark, it is a mutilation of superiority too; for it throws down our respect for them, which is a considerable support of it.

Too great a sensibility creates pain, where by nature it is not; too little, perceives not blessings where

they are: and there is a too great sensibility from fortune, as well as temper. Rank gives some persons such a delicacy, that they have a set of inquietudes entirely their own, the prerogative of their high station, to which their inferiors must not presume to pretend. If humour and passion are indulged, how domineering are they! if denied, how rebellious! Which leads me to

The sixth and last consideration, the passions of men. An account of the passions is properly a history of the active part of the soul, as an account of the understanding is of the contemplative. They may be considered as so many standard-bearers, round each of which many mischiefs are ranged in array against us, and lay waste the tranquillity of human life. They have by others been considered physically, as they constitute part of our nature; morally, as they influence virtue and vice; and rhetorically, with regard to composition: but I do not know that they have been considered in a system, or with any accuracy, as the pains, and promoters of the pains, of life. In this view I shall speak of them, with as much light and distinction as I can. It is the passions that give the perpetual motion to human life; that rolls us from place to place, from object to object; nor will the grave itself afford them rest.

First, Anger. It is elegantly said, "The King's anger is as a roaring lion." Which description of it is confined to kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as strong, though not as successful, in other men. By a king it is let loose into the large field of power; in others, it bites the bars that confine it; and, in both, it lashes itself. This shows it to be a pain; and it likewise proceeds from pain: for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has, received an injury in himself, or his; for which he is first grieved. So that Anger may be called the daughter of Sorrow, and the mother of Revenge, which often has fatal consequen-

ces. Thus this passion has past, present, and future pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent. For among enemies it is the natural habit of the mind; and where are not enemies? Among friends it is unnatural; and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As pride is predominant in men, the principal cause of anger is disrespect; the question therefore is, if the angry man acts not against his own supreme purpose? If anger is impotent, that is a blow directly on his pride; if it succeeds by unworthy means, that is a blow on his general character. Anger therefore is not only an evil itself, proceeding from and leading to evil, but often to the very evil it would most avoid. It falls on its own sword.

Two sorts of men are most subject to this passion; men of felicity, and men of affliction: one because their expectations are high; the other because their uneasinesses are many. The first make their superiority their anxiety, counterbalancing by their own resentment the favours of Nature and Fortune; the second inflame the severities of them both.

Allied to anger is hatred; which is a lasting anger: now hatred is always accompanied with disgust, and disgust is pain.

Allied to hatred are contempt and abhorrence. Contempt is hatred without fear; but it is hatred, and therefore pain. Abhorrence is hatred with fear, and therefore its pain is double.

Invective indeed eases the heart, as a discharge the stomach; but it also proves it very sick before.

I do not deny that there is such a thing as a malicious pleasure: but I affirm, it is a pleasure like that of violent scratching, or striking ourselves in some indispositions; it supposes a distemper, and leaves a wound both in our reputation and our peace.

Anger has under its banner invective, assault, ruin, and death.

Secondly, Love. By love I mean not the desire of what is useful or honest, but more particularly of what is pleasant. With philosophers, it includes the two former; with the world, it is often limited to the last. It implies discontent; that is, pain: for he that desires, is dissatisfied with his present condition, he it what it will; and the pain is in proportion to the desire.

To say the least to the disadvantage of this passion; it is putting your peace in the power of another, which is rarely safe even in your own.

There are two things, I think, peculiar to this passion; and what makes them more remarkable, is, they seem somewhat inconsistent. One is our desire of it; the other is a condition that makes it very undesirable. As to the first; we do not seek, nay, we avoid, occasions of anger, hatred, fear, shame, or envy; but we seek occasions of love. As to the second; love is all the passions in one: it is anger that it cannot, shame that does not, fear that it shall not, enjoy its object; it is envy of, and hatred to, those that possibly may. For envy, hatred, and suspicion, form love's constant companion, Jealousy; which therefore stings deeper than either of them, because it is all. Now as many passions as love has, so many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, He that was never pained, never loved.

But though this passion has pains, leads it not to pleasures? It may fail of them; and then it is despair, which is most terrible: if it attains them, they may not be lasting; for most pleasures, like flowers when gathered, die.

Love has under its banner watching, sickness, abasement, adulation, perjury, jealousy; and sometimes it lifts anger's most dreadful followers: the only difference is, there they are standing troops; here, casual recruits: there they are volunteers; here, they

are pressed occasionally into the service; for they do not naturally belong to love.

Thirdly, Fear. This is a most dismal passion. A mind haunted with fear is a hideous night-piece of storm, precipice, ruins, tombs, and apparitions: it is not content with the compass of Nature, as if too scanty for evil; but creates new worlds for calamity, things that are not. But very timorous natures only suffer to this degree: and it is well they do not; for such a fear alone is capable of taking in an ample vengeance of an incensed God, insomuch that some have thought that hell consisted in the severe extremity of this passion only.

All that fear, have proportionable pain. It is an anticipation of evil; and has under its banner confusion, supplication, servility, amazement, and self-desertion particularly.

For I think it a peculiarity of fear, that it defeats its own purpose more than any of the passions. Anger strikes; and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a blow: love pursues; and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a pursuit: Fear makes us fly, but makes us stumble too; and the more precipitate our flight, the farther are we from an escape. Hence says the holy Scripture, "It betrays the succours of reason;" meaning, that it betrays it more than any other passion, for all betray it in some degree.

Fears are the shields of life: but if they are too many, they are an oppression; and, like the maid at the Capitol, we perish under them.

Fears we have many; but there is but one that came from heaven, (as the Romans fabled of their Ancile,) which is the fear of God: all the rest are false; and this sevenfold shield will save us from them: a falling world cannot affright him whom that shield has under its protection.

Fourthly, There is also False Shame; when, thro' an affectation of the esteem of bad men, we are ashamed

of what God approves; or, if ashamed of what is truly shameful, when we are ashamed with regard to men, not God. The first is blasphemy in thought; or such a thought as, if expressed in words, would be blasphemous. The second is sacrilege, giving God's due to man. This is a shame to be ashamed of; and contrary to the Apostle's "repentance not to be repented of;" for shame is a repentance, or something very like it.

Shame is a sense of estimation impaired, and of our sinking in the opinion of men; I wish I could add, of God too; for men are not ashamed of injustice or profaneness, at the same time that they blush for an omission in fashion or complaisance: nay, I wish they are not often proud of the former; now pride is shame's reverse. As shining in the opinion of others is the supreme aim of almost all men, shame must be exceeding painful, as it implies the loss or diminution of their greatest fancied good.

Shame has under its banner, self-condemnation, pusillanimity, regret, lying, confusion of face.

Which last puts me in mind of what I take to be peculiarities of this passion. Which are three. 1st, Other passions fly to men for redress of their grievances; this flies from them: anger flies to strike, love to embrace, fear for shelter; but shame flies from all men, and makes an eye as sharp as a sword. Shame's bad estate is seen in this, that its hope and felicity run so low, as to make night and oblivion, which are the terrors of others, a wish, a joy; "Falere et effugere est triumphus."

2dly, Shame has a more infallible mark fixed on it by nature than any of the rest; I mean, blushes. Of which I take the reason to be, that this passion necessarily supposes guilt. Which is not the case of any of the passions beside, except envy, which is generally marked with paleness, as shame with the contrary. Shame, I say, necessarily supposes guilt:

for none are ashamed but on one of these three accounts. First, Because they are directly guilty. Secondly, Because they want some merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Because they suffer some indignity. Now the want of proper merit proceeds generally from omissions; suffering indignities, from sloth or cowardice; and all these are vicious. But men are sometimes ashamed of virtue. True; but then they consider that virtue as a fault in the eyes of those before whom they are ashamed of it: besides, then it does not only suppose, but is, guilt.

3dly, Lying. This is the false cover of false shame: for true or proper shame has regard to God; and who dares, who can lie, to him? For we cannot lie to any purpose, but to fallible beings. Now as false shame is lying eternally, though the person subject to it is ashamed without reason at first, he is sure to have ample reason for shame in the end; and consequently he will be pained without just cause, and with it too.

Fifthly, Envy. This is the most deformed and most detestable of all the passions. A good man may be angry, or ashamed; may love, or fear: but a good man cannot envy; for all other passions seek good, but envy evil. All other passions propose advantages to themselves; envy seeks the detriment of others. They, therefore, are human: this is diabolical. Anger seeks vengeance for an injury; an injury in fortune, or person, or honour: but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance. Love seeks the possession of good, fear the flight of evil: but envy neither; all her good is the disadvantage of another. Hence it is most detestable; and because most detestable, therefore, 2dly,

Most deformed. For it is the most detestable, because the least natural: or what is least natural works in us the most disadvantageous and deforming effects. We must be sometimes angry, we must love, and

fear, and be ashamed, by the necessity of our nature: and there are just occasions for them all. But no necessity of our nature obliges us to envy, nor is there any just occasion for it. For all men are unhappy, only we know not where their uneasiness lyes: therefore there is no natural occasion for envy: and that there should be a moral one, is a contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we should rejoice. As therefore neither our nature nor reason requires envy, it is properly unnatural; and because unnatural, it works such terrible effects in us. How pale, keen, inhuman, and emaciated, is its look, if the undeserved indulgence of constitution gets not the better of those effects! Now all these are demonstrations of its extreme pain.

Men of imagination therefore have been fond of this subject, as painters, poets, historians: for the imagination delights in extremes; and nothing is more terrible than their descriptions of it, but the thing itself. A chearful heart does good like a medicine, but envy corrodes like a poison: it is so sharp, that it cuts the body which sheathes it. Nay, it is thought, by some, actually to send forth its virulence; to sit visible in the eyes, and wound its object. Of this opinion seems our greatest English philosopher, who assigns physical reasons why persons in joy and triumph are more liable to receive this venom than others. What a wretch must the quiver of such arrows be! Such is the pain of envy, that it made the two greatest and bravest men that ever lived weep; it made them shed tears, but not of compassion though over the monuments of the dead.

Compassion is grieved at others evil, envy at others good. Indignation is grieved that the unworthy prosper, envy that the meritorious prosper also. Emulation is grieved at its own wants, envy at the enjoyments of others. Nay, it principally maligns those who deserve the greatest praise, *viz.* new men, the

makers of their own fame and fortune: for rising glory occasions the greatest envy, as kindling fire the greatest smoke. In a word, it is the reverse of charity; and as that is the supreme source of pleasure, so this is of pain. This gathers pain, as that gathers pleasures, from all the felicities that happen to mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The most imperfect and pusillanimous are most subject to it: the first, because their field for envy is largest; the second, because through mistake, what is little appears great to them, and therefore as the proper object of envy.

Its peculiarities I take to be, first, That it seeks not (as the other passions) good, but evil. Secondly, That this is lasting, the others short. We are angry or ashamed, we love or fear, for a day or a year; but we envy for life; and I look on it to be the most universal source of unhappiness on earth.

It has under its banner, hatred, calumny, treachery, cabal, with the meagerness of famine, venom of pestilence, and rage of war.

Nor are the good and pleasurable passions without their inconveniences and inquietudes, which is a subject hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compassion, indignation, emulation, hope, nay, and joy itself, if fairly examined, would prove this true, without any refinement or affectation of novelty in the attempt.

First, Compassion, while it has others misery in its eye, it has its own in its apprehension; and is struck with a quick sense of the obnoxious condition of human nature. Hence it is evident, that fear and sorrow are included in it; and can there be fear and sorrow without pain?

Though I know it is disputed; I venture to affirm, that our compassion for others is accompanied with a concern for ourselves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the persons who are most and who are least inclined to compassion.

The least inclined, are the most confirmed in, or the most lost to, happiness. The first are not compassionate, because most secure; the second, because they have felt the worst. Little self-concern being moved by the miserable object in these men, little compassion is moved by it too.

The most inclined to it are the timid, and those who have wives, children, and relations. The first, because they are more liable to fear for themselves; the second, because they afford misfortune the largest mark.

And all are more compassionate toward their equals in age, fortune, birth, qualifications, or manners, than others; because the misfortunes of such are a more direct alarm of fear for themselves.

Secondly, Indignation. This is a just and noble passion, and none but the noble-minded feel it. It is a generous zeal for right, an heroic and laudable anger at the prosperity of undeservers. An anger therefore foreign to the unworthy, base, and profligate, who can conceive no resentment that men like themselves prosper. This elevated passion has sometimes a feverer pang than is consistent with life. Cato died of it. He thought no man worthy to triumph over liberty and Rome. And that violent deportment shewn at his death, which has hitherto been wrongfully imputed to a ferocity of temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental passion, which was the cause of his death; this fever, this noble inflammation of mind, this indignation for Cæsar's unjust success. My conjecture clears his character in that respect; and makes it more consistent with that humanity, which he, in a peculiar manner, manifested on many occasions in his laudable life, which was worthy of our emulation, though his death was blameable at the best.

Thirdly, Emulation is an exalted and glorious passion, parent of most excellencies in human life.

It is enamoured of all virtue and accomplishment: its generous food is praise; its sublime profession, transcendancy; and the life it pants after, immortality. It kindles all that is illustrious; and, as it were, lights its torch at the sun. Envy seeks others evil, emulation its own good: envy repines at excellence, without imitation; emulation imitates, and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at; we emulate nothing but what we can, or think at least we can, attain. Hence the young and magnanimous are most inflamed with emulation; and emulation rather of glory and virtue, than of the goods of the body or fortune, till the world effaces nature's first good impression. "*Hæc imitami, (says Tully,) per Deos immortales, hæc ampla sunt, hæc divina, hæc immortalia, hæc fama celebrantur, monumentis annalium mandantur, posteritate propagantur.*"

But though emulation is the pursuit of the most amiable things, and that by persons most amiable too, it cannot escape; it cannot escape in a bad world, where men judge of others by themselves; being mistaken for envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has, sometimes, such a degree of resemblance, as to give the weak occasion of error, and the malicious of excuse. Thus it falls *alieno vulnere*; not to mention its own natural pain, which is at least as uneasy to the soul, as extreme thirst is to the body. Hope and fear play the heart of emulation with violence; it has its throbs, its paleness, and tremblings, when carried to an height.

" ————— Exultantiaque haurit

" Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido."

Fourthly, Hope and joy. Hope feels the stings of impatience; which is often so vehemently eager, that falling from it into the despair of its object, is sometimes a sensible ease to the mind. Joy, if moderate,

scarce breaks through the general disquiet of life: if immoderate, it is a fever, a tumult, a gay delirium, a transport; which signifies a man's being beside or beyond himself; and he that is not in possession of himself, can but ill be said to be in possession of any thing else: joy in this case goes beyond its bounds into an enemy's country, and becomes a pain; as its tears abundantly testify. Nor has it tears only, but it is sometimes mortal.

Hence some, nay, most philosophers, have placed our chief good in serenity or indolence. But this is a mistake. Indolence, or rest, is inconsistent with our nature, and not to be found in heaven itself but in a comparative sense. On the contrary, our heaven will consist in a pleasing motion, a delightful exertion, a transporting progress to all eternity. Annihilation is the only rest for man. What therefore we are to aim at, I shall shew in my second discourse.

To conclude on the passions. We consist of soul and body; the passions are the wants of the soul, as the appetites may be called the passions of the body. So that we are made up of wants, that is, of pains. Who is almost ever free from one passion or another? And as passions are the pains, (from which they take their very name,) so are they the destroyers too, of our nature. They pain the whole soul, they confound the memory, make wild the imagination, and hurt the understanding, like ebriety, which they resemble in their natural and moral ill consequences. And because they injure the body also, therefore has the physician, as well as moralist, to do with them; and interdicts them to all those who desire length of days. Nay, they are more terrible than that death which they hasten; for many have fled to that from the torment of them. It seems strangest, at first sight, that fear, of all the passions, should put on this appearance of courage; but it is so far from it, in

reality, that no other passion ever arrived at suicide, but through the suggestion of this trembler, fear. Men die because they fear life under its present ills; whereas true valour meets those ills, whatever they are, with the same resolution with which they meet death.

If this account of the passions be just, let us turn them against themselves; let us be angry with anger, ashamed of shame, afraid of fear, pity envy, and moderate our fondness for love. For some are so idle, ridiculous, shameless, as to court the passion itself; and at a time too, when they have the least probability of success. Love, according to the different objects it embraces, like a woman espoused, changes its name, and becomes voluptuousness, ambition, avarice, or vanity: those four predominant impulses that divide mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four winds of heaven, and keep the restless world in a perpetual storm.

On this common subject I shall endeavour to throw some new light, by shewing that they all act directly counter to their own purposes, and are the reverse of that which they pretend to.

First, The voluptuous. Can this man be unhappy, whose sole aim is pleasure? whose study is the art, whose life is the chase, of delight? He may, he is, nay, he must be so; because his imagination promises much more than sense is able to pay. Hence, he is always disappointed; but, through ignorance or negligence of the cause of it, though always disappointed he is always expecting; and repeated experience serves only to upbraid, not correct, his conduct. And it must be so: for as every new scene of voluptuousness is a new light to his understanding, to shew the insufficiency of those scenes to his happiness; so is it, also, a new blow to his understanding, and the rectitude of his will, and weakens his power of resisting them. Hence he is reduced to the wretched estate

of eternally pursuing and eternally condemning the same things; than which, nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest tyrant, and greatest foe. 'Tis not in vigorous health, boundless fortune, unrestrained liberty, or that liberty improved by skill and experience into an art of debauchery, to give him satisfaction, nay, not to give him inquietude, though virtue, though reason did not interpose: the body only would find out the vanity, the tædium, the bad effect, of voluptuousness; and bare instinct would reproach him with it. His past gives regret, his present dissatisfies, and his future deceives: his imagination imposes on his senses; his senses weaken and vex his understanding; and his understanding censures them both: they persist; that grows peevish and impotent. Thus the divided man, like a divided family, is the seat of misery, and object of contempt.

With regard to the chief branch of sensuality, and its fatal consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad woman's hatred, except her caresses; nothing is more to be declined than her deformity, except her charms. But as for a good woman, her price is beyond gold. She is a pillar of rest.

The man of pleasure, as the phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his ribbon, plume, and bells; his dress, and his music; but through a toilsome and beaten road, and every day nauseously repeats the same tract. Throw an eye into the gay world; what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue, their own infelicity? the decayed monuments of error! the thin remains of what is called delight!

In a word, to suppose sense alone can make a man happy, is to suppose reason superfluous; which is

blasphemous and absurd : but sensuality brings such a grossness on the understanding, that this argument will not be so much as comprehended by those who have the greatest need of being affected by it. Now the cause of their not comprehending it, is their total inexperience and ignorance of the pleasures of reason: which ignorance proves this gay, this gallant creature, this patron of pleasures, and professor of delight (what he little suspects), in reality the greatest niggard in enjoyment, the greatest self-denier in the world.

Secondly, Ambition. Voluptuousness has its intervals : when sense is satisfied, it pauses for the revival of its flame; like eruptions, it rages and rests by turns. But ambition, like a conflagration, burns on incessant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the stronger is its fury. Success but sets it new tasks; and is as severe to the ambitious, as misfortune to other men. Every difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its stead: so that the character of the most ambitious man that ever lived, is a proper motto for all his sons, whose sport, like the leviathan's, makes a tempest, and is the ruin of all about them. " Nil actum reputans, dum quid " supereffet agendum." That is, it is their maxim, To know no rest. How differs, then, ambition from slavery? As severe exercise from hard labour. The thing is the same: only here it is necessity, and there it is choice; that is, there it is wretchedness, and folly too.

The ambitious thinks all happiness is derived from comparison, and that highest and happiest is the same thing; nor knows, that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always and truly to be high. If his notion is right, how have the wisest of all ages and all nations been mistaken! Either they have persevered in an eternal and obstinate error, in asserting content to be happiness; or he is not happy

at all: for ambition imports an absence, nay, a disdain, of content; and indeed it has the glory, if it is a glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small things, gives the ambitious no small anxiety; success in great, no great satisfaction, because there remains still greater things than these; and while his heart burns at some mighty point in view, it robs him of the relish of those considerable enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meanest of her children. The violence of the ambitious man's desires sets him as a distance from himself; he is never at home to the present hour, but reaching and grasping at joys to come; all in possession is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent affection for those objects he pursues? To a strenuous endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as fast as he can; that is, he seeks at once to gain a blessing, and to destroy it: nor in this only does the ambitious appear to thwart his own purposes, as will appear immediately.

But, first, let us observe that he cannot be extremely happy in the very exercise of his dominion, that fullest gust of all his desires; when he stands surrounded with many circles of expecting, anxious beings; the whole nest gaping wide, when he can allay the cravings but of few. He has not morsels for them all. If he has any humanity, it must touch it, to see himself besieged with eager visages, secret pains, repining hearts, disappointed hopes, that will strike deep into the peace of families, and carry distress beyond his knowledge, and perhaps beyond his conception of it. Or if these stings of his fellow-creatures touch him not, he is still more to be pitied.

"Seek not of the Lord preheminance, neither of the king in the seat of honour." But call in the waves of thy desire, climbing over one another for ever: bid thy proud heart be still, and say to it, Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther; and let it, at

least, have the bounds of the ocean, as well as the tumult of it.

What does the ambitious man aim at? At dominion, principality, and power; at governing nations, and making his name great in the earth. And who but the pusillanimous and base shall censure him for this? Whatever his errors are, does he not shew, at least, a grandeur of deportment, and a magnanimity of heart? Neither, but altogether the reverse.

For, first, As to magnanimity. There is a meanness of spirit in passionately desiring those things, the contempt of which requires a greater effort of mind, (that is, a greater magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller happiness, than the possession of them. Magnanimity is a resolution able to comply with the dictates of reason when most difficult; if therefore ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn,) it must be pusillanimous. I will not therefore call the ambitious an unhappy or a guilty, (as I might); but, what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little man; and if that does not touch him nearer, it will be a new argument to prove that I call him so with the greatest truth.

As to the second, The grandeur of his deportment; that is, his distance from subjection and servility. What then if it should appear that no man is so much a slave? Dominion over others is indeed his aim; but by that very aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard or promote his purposes, has an awe over him; is the object of his anxious application, and servile fear; disciplines his deportment, and pains his mind. Not to expect, is the only means to be free: and he is all expectation, that is, all slavery; while dominion, nay, because dominion, is his only aim. And thus it fares with all irregular pursuits of happiness: they contradict the purpose of God, and therefore must counteract themselves; for God will not be controuled. He has

assigned other means of happiness; and to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of his means, but their own, to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their endeavours shall be their hindrance, shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater distance from it. Thus the voluptuary just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the objects, most effectually blunts, the powers, of appetite. The covetous, while he inordinately desires to become rich, though he succeeds in all his attempts, he fails of his end; nay, fails of it by that success: GOD, to chastise, and, as it were, to insult him too, gives him the thing, but withholds the enjoyment; nay, commands abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only, can that miraculous conduct of the covetous be accounted for; of whom,

Thirdly, I am about to speak. The covetous strongly exposes human nature, by shewing us an instance in one person how much she desires, and how little she wants. For who subsists on so little, who grasps at so much? He mistakes the means for the end; money for enjoyment: nay, the means in his hands makes against his end; and the power of enjoying is an inducement to self-denial. The gold that comes into his possession but changes its mine, and is further from the light than ever. His impiety and his folly are equally gross. As to the first, he is often in scripture called an idolater, because he worships his wealth: as to the second, that his idol, like other idols of old, requires severer service of him than the true GOD, more rigid austerities than religion enjoins; his toils, his self-denials, his fervent devotion to gain, is greater than that which might carry him to heaven. Covetousness is nothing but the painful art of making industry sinful, wealth indigent, life sordid, death terrible, and heirs ungrateful, without any manner of guilt.

But to set it in the clearest and shortest light: What is wealth? A security put into our hands, that the enjoyments of this world shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on that title. Now if that title rather denies than gives us those enjoyments, it loses its nature; it is no longer a title indulged to our necessities, but it is a warrant served on our folly, to deliver us over to wretchedness, to shame, and to want. So that the richest miser has no wealth.

Nothing is so strange as man's inextinguishable thirst for more: Nay, he pants after that which he has: for I affirm, that infinite numbers have sufficient means of happiness already in their hands, and sufficient means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But men know not what they possess. How few have made an inventory of their own blessings! how few know what they do not want! Hence, *Know thyself*, was said to come from heaven: for, without it, no man can be content. Our pains are from our desires, not from our wants; for which most material truth, I shall mention two arguments.

1st, If we examine, we shall often find, that, after burning with some vehement desire, we are quieted by despair, as much, and perhaps more, happily, than we should have been by success.

2dly, Let some great pain seize us in our most rapid pursuit after what we imagine essential to our peace, and the ceasing of that superior pain will give us a momentary conviction, that we were really then happy when we thought ourselves miserable; but folly soon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aside but two things; first, our own imagination, which makes us think things necessary which are not; secondly, our deference for the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy unless we are thought so; the majority of mankind would be much happier than they,

at present, imagine; they would grow rich extempore, and be more indebted to the removal of an error in judgment, than to any possible success they could have in their pursuits of wealth. Our error in the present case, as in most others, proceeds from partial views, from not taking in the whole. We look only on those above us, which strains our hearts in pursuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the stretch: whereas if we looked on those below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful intention, and inspire quite new sentiments of our own state. Now on our sentiments (which few observe) our happiness depends. It lies in thoughts, and not in things. Things are opaque bodies, which have no light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to advantage the gaiety beaming on them from our own hearts. Hence, the very unhappy fly public and pompous scenes of life; because, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and therefore more provokingly so than retreat. It is not the man's business, who desires happiness, to increase his riches, but to give his understanding so just a judgment of things, and his affections so rational a temper, as to know that he could not be more happy though he were more rich. Nay, some have parted with their riches for the sake of happiness; but, in this, the faith of annals, in the miser's opinion, will labour very much.

The foundation of error in this point, is, all our pains and pleasures are from sense or imagination, and not from reason. Now content is an art; "I have learned to be content," says the Apostle. Neither nature, nor chance, nor circumstances, can give it. The whole body of Pagan and Christian ethics are the rules of this art. Now the miser professes an art directly the reverse of it. He is wise (which is another word for happy, in this case,) who can say, I have not much, but no man more, for I have all I

want. Socrates said with wit, but with judgment too, "He that needs least, is most like the gods, who need nothing."

Fourthly, I am to speak of the vain. This is the most distinguished son of folly, and has the most airy happiness of them all. His brothers beforementioned, though themselves to be laughed at, laugh at him. He seeks his felicity entirely in the opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there; for the world, by his very name, has pronounced against him: from the emptiness of his pursuit, and the thinness of his enjoyment, is he called vain. The former wish at least for something substantial, but his very wish is a reproach.

As the too modest is pained by being in the public eye, he is pained by being out of it. What a vast expence is he at to buy spectators! For to what other end is his splendid person and equipage, his large parks, palaces, rivers, and cascades? how expensive! and how useless! Sense is too narrow, it wants compass to take them in; less things would gratify that more. The understanding condemns them; childish imagination only approves, and that too but for a moment. What are these pageantries, but larger toys, with which it plays a while, and then grows weary of them? what are they, but huge monuments of mistake, subjects for popular talk, and an immense tax paid for rumour, for sure it cannot be called fame?

How he gazes on, and touches, and re-touches, and, as it were, solicits, his shining ornaments to give him some extraordinary sensation, somewhat adequate to the desire he indulged for, or the expectation he entertained from, them! but in vain. They were much more powerful in idea, than they are in fact. It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

The vain is a beggar of admiration. Begging is an unrespectable profession; but as we are dependent

beings, we must all be beggars in some degree. The scandal therefore of this practice depends on two things; the character of the person from whom, and the value of the things which, we beg. Now the vain begs from all, even the most ignoble: and he begs nothing; I mean, what turns to no account. He is more noble that asks bread, than he who asks a bow, or the glance of an eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this man lay out the faculties of an immortal soul? that time on which depends eternity? that estate, which, well disposed of, might, in some measure, purchase heaven? What is his serious labour, subtle machinations, ardent desire, and reigning ambition?—To be seen. This ridiculous, but true answer, renders all grave censure almost superfluous. If the world was filled with such as these, all arts, and engines of discipline, and of death, for chastisement of offence, might seem needless; let the law they violate, or the power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come close to the point. What is it the vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an alms of admiration from every passer-by, and his happiness starves without it. Now, what does this desire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their leave. Thus is he by choice the most precarious creature on earth. The most precarious is the most wretched; and, therefore, the most precarious by choice, is the most foolish too: if any will deny that the most precarious being is most wretched, let him consider that the reverse, the least precarious being, is the most happy, for that is God; and the farther we are removed from independency and self-sufficiency, the farther we are removed from that standard of wisdom and happiness.

I shall dismiss the vain with one observation more. We ought particularly to guard against this folly, for a reason very particular too. Other vices are pro-

moted by vices; but this is often nourished by virtue itself.

Thus have I, I think, proved, that the voluptuous is the greatest self-denier; that the ambitious is the greatest slave; that the covetous has no wealth; and that the vain, whose idol is admiration, is the greatest object of contempt.

The considerations which have been alledged to the discredit of human happiness, have been hitherto drawn from general topics; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have lately lost our king: that sad occasion first suggested this subject to me, which now it supports with an unwelcome argument; for when our sovereign fell, nature herself emphatically proclaimed, "That all below was vain." Too powerful a supplement to this discourse!

Who then art thou, who settest thine affections on things below? Art thou greater than the deceased? Dost thou value thyself on thy birth? the most highly descended is no more. Dost thou value thyself on thy riches? the King of Britain is no more. Dost thou value thyself on thy power? the master of the seas, the arbiter of Europe, is no more. Dost thou glory in thy constancy, humanity, affection to thy friend, or encouragement of arts?—But I forbear. It is ambition to be grateful, when princes bestow.

How lately were the eyes of all Europe thrown on this great man! for man let me call him now nor contradict the declaration which his mortality has made. They that find him now, must seek for him; and seek for him in the dust. What on earth but must tell us this world is vain, if thrones declare it? if kings, if British kings, are demonstrations of it?

I shall offer one observation on the death of princes, which is full to my present purpose. A throne is the shining period, the golden termination, of the

worldly man's prospect; his passions affect, his understanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the favours it can bestow. The sun, the expanse of heaven, or what lyes higher, have no lustre in his sight, no room in his pre-engaged imagination: it is all a superfluous waste. When therefore his monarch dies, he is left in darkness, his sun is set, it is the night of ambition with him; which naturally damps him into reflection, and fills that reflection with awful thoughts.

With reverence then be it spoken, what can God in his ordinary means do more, to turn his affections into their right channel, and send them forward to their proper end? Providence, by his king's decease, takes away the very ground on which his delusion rose; it sinks before him; his error is supplanted; nor has his folly whereon to stand; but must return, like the dove in the deluge, to his own bosom again.

By this is he convinced, that his ultimate point of view is not only vain in its nature, but vain in fact; it not only may, but has actually failed. What then is he under a necessity of doing, this boundary of his sight removed? either he must look forward (and what is beyond it but God?) or, he must close his eyes in wilful darkness, and still repose his trust in things which he has experienced to be vain. Such accidents, therefore, however fatal to his secular, are the mercy of God as to his eternal, interest; and say with my text, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth."

Let us now, from the throne, look back (as from an eminence) on the former part of our journey: we have passed the several orders, ages, aims, relations, constitutions, tempers, passions, with the four great impulses of mankind, and have found but one report through the several stages of our course; the various witnesses concur, and bring in a full verdict

against the happiness of human life. They declare that all mankind is united by misery, in some degree, as by (what is less melancholy) the grave, to which it leads.

And can this world enchant us still? and can we be born for this? Is this a scene for reason, that emanation of Divinity, to doat on? Is this the fortune, this the dower, to which we should wed an immortal soul? Where then is the difference between reason and absurdity? between immortality and the beasts that perish? Be this their heaven (as properly it is); but not their lord's, but not man's.

I shall close this discourse with a picture of life in miniature, that your memories may carry it the better: a picture more melancholy than that of this globe ere well clear of the chaos, or labouring afterwards under all the wrongs and disgraces that an universal deluge could inflict.

Behold a world! where the inhabitants are not differentiated by happiness and misery; but only by the different degrees and various colours of misery universal: where the memory is clouded with black ideas of the past; the imagination overlooks the present; and the understanding, through mercy, is blinded to the future: where every passion may be called legion, for its evils are many: where men almost universally lay aside intellectual pleasures; are most ardent desirers of happiness, and yet subsist it on the most impotent half of their natures: where anxiety of thought damps sensual pleasure, and sensual pleasure increases anxiety of thought, and impairs our strength to support it too: where the soul and the body are in perpetual hostilities, aggrrieving each other, and external accidents seem superfluous to our misery. Thus the poor man, like devoted Jerusalem, besieged without and divided within, is a complication of infelicities.

Where success must be procured by To externals. our infinite care, and ruin follows on the contrary; so that all the sad choice indulged to mankind, is, of infinite care, or destruction. Besides, the more we have of credit, wealth, or power, the more we may lose: nor is any man entirely free from the apprehensions of it; so that our possessions imply, and provide for, our misery. Where an independent pleasure is very severe; a dependent, very frail. Where pleasure often exacts such hardships from her votary, that austerity cannot improve upon them. Where nothing pleases but in prospect; and to please in prospect only, is not to disappoint alone, but to deride us too. Where what exalts the spirits shortens life by that expence; and what depresses, makes the shortest life too long. Where days are long, yet life is short. Where we stand as in a battle, thousands daily falling round us; and yet we forget our own mortality; nay, are hardened into an insensibility of it, by these very proofs of its approach; and start, like David, when we hear, "Thou art the man." Where experience, which is truly the greatest blessing of life, is the severest discipline of it too; and diversion, which is supposed a blessing, only signifies, that to ourselves we are insupportable. Where sorrow is as the stem or root of life: joy, but as its flower; expected at remote seasons only; then often blighted; or if it blooms, it blooming dies. Where all is vexatious, or mixed, or fugitive. Where pains assault us, delusions surround us, and terrors hang over us. Where we are restless in pursuit, dissatisfied in fruition, and persecuted with remorse. Where we are ever pursuing, and ever condemning, the same things: ever accusing hope of its broken faith; and ever trusting on, ever gasping after, sensual enjoyments, and ever impairing our appetite for them. Where objects, as well as appetite, decay; or, if they last, last not to

us, through the fickleness of our choice. Where we are yearly burying some favourite amusement or pleasure; and they that succeed are less exquisite, and full as mortal. Where we spend most of our days in climbing the hill of our fortune, which suspends, by labour, any serious thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change toil for enjoyment, we start to see our grave so near as on t'other side. Where life with most men is to come, till it is past.

Where the grave employments of mankind are but strenuous follies; nor differenced from those of children, but by their magnitude and

To the professions, and nature of things.

their guilt. Where the several occupations of life are but fortifications against want, and often frail ones too. Where, among professions, are the lawyer and the soldier, professors of quarrel and death; fortune and life their prey. Where the infirmities of our bodies demand and support one profession; the infirmities of our minds another; and the misadventures of our fortunes constitute an ample portion in the whole world of literature. Where the very elements wage war against us, and have their inundation, shipwreck, earthquake, famine, pestilence, volcanos, and conflagration. Where we cannot make way from our doors, but through the cries of indigence or disease. Where hospitals and bedlams are public necessities. Where the very appellations of a large part of mankind cannot be heard without compassion; widows! and orphans! Where tears are a distinction of the whole species from other creatures. Where youth often languishes like a tempest-beaten flower, and age shews its injuries like a blasted oak.

Where history, for the most part, is nothing but a large field of misfortune; and to dip into almost any page of it, is to dip into blood; into blood, persecutions, inquisitions, treasons, assassinations, sieges, servitudes: or

To history.

if sometimes a triumph breaks through this general cloud, as lightning through night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a proof and memorial of misery; for what is a triumph, but the gay daughter of destruction and death? Where hardheartedness and lust drinking the tears of believing innocence, and self-design and treachery turning every virtue of others to its own interest and the good man's ruin (which abounds in every record), makes peace more cruel than war. Where happiness is such a stranger, that for many ages it was *learning* to seek the true notion of it: and it was but sought; it was not found, but revealed at last. Where the pomp and prancings of the mighty, are but the trappings of wo. Where the most shining and envied characters have few of them died a natural death; but furnish theme of tragedy for succeeding generations. Strange! that the same persons should be the objects of our envy and pity too! Strange too! that we should have sighs sufficient for more miseries than our own! Where the most happy would not repeat their course; and he was justly censured who wept over his mighty army as mortal, because not one of that numerous host but might probably wish, before he found, his end. Where, among the many arguments for a future state, the misery of this has been most strongly and universally insisted on in all ages; which demonstrates an acute sense, and too ample a conviction, of it. Where crowns have been often abdicated; how often in our own annals is the palace changed for the cloister! Where self-murder, at certain periods, has been a fashion; nay, very extraordinary methods have been taken to restrain even the tender sex from this horror. Where half the travels that have been undertook, half the designs that have been enterprised, half the volumes that have been written, have been refuges from uneasiness of heart; and the last are not more the immortal monuments of human wit, than of human in-

felicity. Where happiness is an art, and content is an art; what libraries have been written to teach it! Whatever success they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, that unhappiness and discontent are natural.

Where a smile is often an ambush, as it was on the face of Domitian, on which it seldom shone but when rancour gathered at his heart. To friendship.

Where enmity is sincere, friendship often a name; and it is ruin to trust those whom not to trust is almost a crime, as a relation, a friend, a brother! Where many fall from credit, fortune, life, with Cæsar's exclamation, "And this from thee?"

Where provoking our foes has not ruined half so many, as confiding in those of a contrary character.

He needs no foe who is entirely at the mercy of his friends. Where more hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.

Where bills of mortality would scarce be mournful, if bills of private calamity were in use. Who has not seen, who has not foreseen, nay, who almost has not felt, a bleeding heart? Where evil arts usurp the name and port of Wisdom, though scarce worthy to be called Cunning.

Now cunning is but the top of a fool's character, and wisdom itself is but the bottom or inferior part of the character of an honest man.

Nulla bona, nisi honesta.

Where the honest, confiding heart takes a virgin-

flower into his bosom, and often finds a

sting under it. To family

Where the fond mother to day looks with transport on the re-

ward of her long labour and painful travail, which

changes perhaps to-morrow the cradle for the grave.

Where the feeble father follows a favourite, an only daughter, the delight of his eye! the rest of his age!

to her long home, which he perhaps has wished for himself in vain; and sheds those tears on her ashes,

which should express his joy for the happy disposal of her in life: or perhaps the case is still worse; he sees her youth, and beauty, and innocence, fallen into arms to him more dreadful than those of death. Where the son of some great house, its hope, joy, and support, the sole heir of riches, titles, and golden schemes, falls immaturally, grasped by death, as the pillars were by Samson; and the whole structure is sorely shaken, if it does not follow on his fall. Where many a numerous family lives in innocence, peace, plenty, reputation, under the wing of an indulgent, prudent, and industrious father: the father dies; they are scattered like a sheaf of corn when the band is broke, and become the prey of guilt, want, anxiety, and shame. Where the comforts of life have their pangs; their jars, jealousies, interruptions, decays, extinction. Where grudge, animosity, and revenge, wound deep; but deeper (when they wound) relation, friendship, love: for love has its barbarities, and frequently may be mistaken for hatred by its effects. There are sometimes malignant tempers in families: such domestic maladies are like ulcers in the vitals; extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Where the night is an idle dream, and the day little better. Where every one is witness or patient of affliction; ever telling sad tales of others, till he becomes a tale himself; the tale of a day! and then is utterly forgotten. *He lived and died*, is an epitaph for much the greatest part of mankind. Where he that has reached his meridian is one of a thousand, his friends and relations ly dead around him: half of his conversation is gathered from the tomb. What are the gay, young, beautiful, brave, learned, wise, good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? a tear! a sigh! Where youth has the pain of getting, age of leaving, its riches; affection being rarely strong enough in us to make the parting with them agree-

Mixed
thoughts.

able. Where fears and pangs only give a relish of the contrary; and our pleasure, generally as it rises from, so it ends in, them too. Where the pain of impatience turns us over to the pain of satiety, scarce divided by the moment of delight. Where pain is oftner sunk by new pain, than healed by supervening pleasure. Where real evils are frequent; imaginary perpetual; and the happiest thanks some other's wretchedness, for putting him in mind that he is not the most wretched himself. Where, I was happy, a few may possibly say; I shall be happy, most say; I am happy, none: now, if none are happy on the present, it is a demonstration that happiness is absent from us all. The present is all that our parent nature properly gives us; and that, like peevish children, we will not taste: thus between the law of our condition, and the perverseness of our temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, subsisting, or rather starving our thin happiness on dreams and shadows of good to come; perhaps, never to come; certainly never to come proportionate to our conceptions of them. Where man snatches such quick and terrible repentment from the smallest occasion, that it resembles the discharge of ordnance at the touch of a reed. Where to have any chance for happiness, a man must possess the world, or despise it. Now, the contempt of it, in him that possesses it not, is a cheat; he does not heartily condemn it; he mistakes his ill-will for contempt; and, what is as unfortunate, he that possesses it, does condemn it; but not from wisdom, but weakness, which has not the skill to relish its enjoyments as they deserve. Where proud honour stands in the place of meek religion; honour that disdains compulsion; and that, consequently, must stand or fall, with inclination and humour: he, therefore, that relies on honour, relies on humour; and he that relies on humour is a fool, and must be a wretch in the end. Where the two points the

world's wise man aims at, are, first to get the better of natural instinct, so as not to be betrayed by it into any humanities in which he does not find his own immediate account: secondly, to surmount the prejudices and timorousness of education, to throw the virtues and vices into one heap, like a man; thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as interest directs; interest, which is his god; and his bible, the custom of the world. Where many men suppose you a knave, or conclude you a fool, and call you so by their professions of disinterested friendship; by which they only mean to steal your affections, and the good effects of them. Where compassion, with some, passes for weakness; and you must suppress your sighs, as in the theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an idiot, who is not above being a man. Where men seek not the means of serving, but an excuse for not serving, others; and words change their nature, and do not reveal, but cover, the mind; the passions themselves, those betrayers of truth, are taught to act a part; the very eye can lie; and that natural window of the soul has a screen before it, that you may not see through; he only who discovers his own interest, gives you a key to his heart. In a word, where the honest man (who alone is worthy of good) if he judges of men by himself, is undone. This may be called satire; but, by the same rule, the scripture is so too, Where to dissemble injuries is the greatest shock to nature, and shame to honour; yet, at the same time, the greatest art of life. Where he that has not learned the world, must go out of it, or be a jest and an unfortunate in it: he that has learned it, has learned it with discipline; and by that time he is well master of the game, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will, one day, prove more fatal. Where we will not believe yesterday, but hope favourably from to-morrow; as if then there would

be a new fun, a new nature, a new self: they pray for that, who almost curse its fellow. Where sorrow is fruitless, and laughter is mad. Where, at the several tides of good fortune, the head tells the heart, Well, now we are happy; which the heart scarce believes, or believes it implicitly: whenever we say to ourselves, Let us sit down and enjoy life; we discover the cheat, like one deluded by perspective, by bringing it to the touch. Where multitudes (strange! and ridiculous! but for the horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every step is a step towards a grave, every minute an approach to an eternity: besides, if men well knew the business of this world, and would acquit themselves like masters in it, want of time would be their great complaint. Nay, he that lays down but this one simple rule, that he will be in the right wherever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle moment, tho' he has not the important cares of nations, or even of families, on his hands.

Where the past is a very dream, and the future a fore travail. Where the tender mother sheds tears over her helpless infant, and the careful father pours groans over them both; groans conscious of the present, and presaging of the future. Where sometimes nations groan, as one man, under a general calamity; nor is the whole earth at all privileged from the severe condition of any one nation of it. Where Nature is perpetually pouring her children in vast tides out of time into eternity; and the survivors take the evil and refuse the good; they are but the more melancholy, not the wiser for it. Where we are born with pain, and die with amazement. Where life is the slave of misery; and yet, most strange and deplorable! the King of Terrors is Death.

“Sunt lachrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.”

Almost the whole book of Ecclesiastes might be

transcribed as a scriptural support of what is here said; and its author, it is well known, received wisdom as an immediate gift from God, in superiority to all the rest of mankind.

debtor I shall conclude, by saying what is most true, that human life is like a dishonest creditor: it puts off our youth and manhood with lies from day to day; then owns the cheat, and gives our age an absolute denial.

If this account is just, as I think it is, What is human happiness? A word! The description of human happiness. a notion! a day-dream! a wish! a sigh! a theme to be talked of! a mark to be shot at, but never hit! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart, of man. Wisdom recommends it gravely, learning talks of it pompously, our understanding listens to it eagerly, our affection pursues it warmly, and our experience despairs of it irretrievably. Imagination persuades some that they have found it, but it is while their reason is asleep: pride prevails with others to boast of it; but it is only a boast, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themselves: felicity of constitution, and suavity of manners, make the nearest approach to it; but it is only an approach; fortune, the nature of things, the infirmities of the body, the passions of the mind, the dependence on others, the prevalence of vice, the very condition of (uncorrected) humanity, forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, music, pomp, study, diversion, business, wisdom, all that sea or land, nature or art, labour or rest, can bestow, are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity! If the young, or unexperienced, or vain, or profligate only, were subject to this weakness, it were something: But when the learned, and wise, and grave, and grey—it shocks! it mortifies! and with shame and pity my mind turns from its purpose, and goes backward with reverence

to throw a veil over the nakedness of my father. In a word, the true notion of human happiness explained, is itself one of the strongest proofs of our misery. For how can we speak more adequately of it, than by saying, it is that of which our despair is as necessary as our passion for it is vehement and inextinguishable? Now ardently to thirst, and unavoidably to despond, with regard to the same thing, and that thing of consequence supreme, is the consummation of infelicity. I know but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable, are they who make that one a pain!

The purpose of this discourse, as expressed in the beginning of it, was to put this world in the balance, and examine the value of things on the earth. Now such as is represented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding discourse, is the general state of mankind : but it is a state of their own choice ; and it may be, tho' not wholly reversed, abundantly relieved, exceedingly brightened from the clouds, the thick darkness that hangs upon it ; as I shall endeavour to make manifest in the following discourse * ; and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing imputations ; and by laying the two counter-parts together, infer a true estimate of human life.

† The second discourse on this subject never appeared.

CONJECTURES
ON
ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.
IN A
LETTER
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

Si habet aliquod tanquam pabulum studii, et doctrinæ, otiosa
senectute nihil est jucundius. Cic.

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Mr. CHARLES GRAVANDISE

L E T T E R

TO THE

A U T H O R

O F

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

DEAR SIR,

WE confess the follies of youth without a blush; not so, those of age. However, keep me a little in countenance, by considering, that age wants amusements more, though it can justify them less, than the preceding periods of life. How you may relish the pastime here sent you, I know not. It is miscellaneous in its nature; somewhat licentious in its conduct; and, perhaps, not over-important in its end. However, I have endeavoured to make some amends, by digressing into subjects more important, and more suitable to my season of life. A serious thought standing single among many of a lighter nature, will sometimes strike the careless wanderer after amusement only, with useful awe: as monumental marbles scattered in a wide pleasure-garden (and such there are) will call to recollection those who would never have sought in a church-yard walk of mournful yews.

To one such monument I may conduct you, in which is a hidden lustre, like the sepulchral lamps of old; but not like those will this be extinguished, but shine the brighter for being produced, after so long concealment, into open day.

You remember, that your worthy patron, and our common friend, put some questions on the serious drama, at the same time when he desired our sentiments on original and on moral composition. Tho' I despair of breaking through the frozen obstructions of age, and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought, and brightness of expression, which subjects so polite require; yet will I hazard some conjectures on them.

I begin with original composition; and the more willingly, as it seems an original subject to me, who have seen nothing hitherto written on it. But, first; a few thoughts on composition in general. Some are of opinion, that its growth, at present, is too luxuriant; and that the press is overcharged. Overcharged, I think, it could never be, if none were admitted, but such as brought their imprimatur from sound understanding, and the public good. Wit, indeed, however brilliant, should not be permitted to gaze self-enamoured on its useless charms, in that fountain of fame, (if so I may call the press), if beauty is all that it has to boast; but, like the first Brutus, it should sacrifice its most darling offspring to the sacred interests of virtue, and real service of mankind.

This restriction allowed, the more composition the better. To men of letters, and leisure, it is not only a noble amusement, but a sweet of refuge; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace: it opens a back-door out of the bustle of this busy and idle world, into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers; the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind. When stung with idle an-

xieties, or teased with fruitless impertinence, or yawning over insipid diversions, then we perceive the blessing of a lettered recess. With what a gust do we retire to our disinterested and immortal friends in our closet; and find our minds, when applied to some favourite theme, as naturally and as easily quieted and refreshed, as a peevish child (and peevish children are we all till we fall asleep) when laid to the breast! Our happiness no longer lives on charity; nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that most precarious and thorny pillow, another's pleasure, for our repose. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance, that at once entertain and improve him, in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation, of his own mind!

These advantages Composition affords us, whether we write ourselves, or in more humble amusement peruse the works of others. While we bustle thro' the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a respite, at least, from care; a pleasing pause of refreshing recollection. If the country is our choice or fate, there it rescues us from sloth and sensuality, which, like obscene vermin, are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our retirement, and to poison all its sweets. Conscious guilt robs the rose of its scent, the lily of its lustre; and makes an Eden a deflowered and dismal scene.

Moreover, if we consider life's endless evils, what can be more prudent than to provide for consolation under them? A consolation under them the wisest of men have found in the pleasures of the pen. Witness, among many more, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, Pliny the younger, who says, "In uxoris infirmitate, et amicorum periculo, aut morte turbatus, ad studia, unicum doloris levamentum, confugio." And why not add to these their modern equals, Chaucer, Raleigh, Bacon, Mil-

ton, Clarendon, under the same shield, unwounded by misfortune, and nobly smiling in distress?

Composition was a cordial to these under the frowns of Fortune; but evils there are, which her smiles cannot prevent, nor cure. Among these are the languors of old age. If those are held honourable, who in a hand benumbed by time have grasped the just sword in defence of their country; shall they be less esteemed, whose unsteady pen vibrates to the last, in the cause of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both these are happy in this, that by fixing their attention on objects most important, they escape numberless little anxieties, and that *tadium vite* which often hangs so heavy on its evening hours. May not this insinuate some apology for my spilling ink, and spoiling paper, so late in life?

But there are who write with vigour and success, to the world's delight, and their own renown. These are the glorious fruits where genius prevails. The mind of a man of genius is a fertile and pleasant field; pleasant as Elysium, and fertile as Tempe; it enjoys a perpetual spring. Of that spring, originals are the fairest flowers. Imitations are of quicker growth, but fainter bloom. Imitations are of two kinds; one of nature, one of authors: the first we call *originals*, and confine the term *imitation* to the second. I shall not enter into the curious inquiry of what is, or is not, strictly speaking, original; content with what all must allow, that some compositions are more so than others; and the more they are so, I say, the better. Originals are, and ought to be, great favourites; for they are great benefactors; they extend the republic of letters, and add a new province to its dominion: imitators only give us a sort of duplicates of what we had, possibly much better, before; increasing the mere drug of books, while all that makes them valuable, knowledge and genius, are at a stand. The pen of an original writer, like Armida's wand, out

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of a barren waste calls a blooming spring; out of that blooming spring an imitator is a transplant of laurels, which sometimes die on removal, always languish in a foreign soil.

But suppose an imitator to be most excellent (and such there are), yet still he but nobly builds on another's foundation; his debt is, at least, equal to his glory; which, therefore, on the balance, cannot be very great. On the contrary, an original, though but indifferent, (its originality being set aside), yet has something to boast; it is something to say with him in Horace,

"Meo sum pauper in ære;"

and to share ambition with no less than Cæsar, who declared he had rather be the first in a village, than the second at Rome.

Still farther: An imitator shares his crown, if he has one, with the chosen object of his imitation; an original enjoys an undivided applause. An original may be said to be of a vegetable nature; it rises spontaneously from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is not made: imitations are often a sort of manufacture wrought up by those mechanics art and labour, out of pre-existent materials not their own.

Again: We read imitation with somewhat of his languor, who listens to a twice-told tale: our spirits rouse at an original; that is a perfect stranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land: and though it comes, like an Indian prince, adorned with feathers only, having little weight; yet of our attention it will rob the more solid, if not equally new: thus every telescope is lifted at a new-discovered star; it makes a hundred astronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the sun. But if an original, by being as excellent as new, adds admiration to surprise, then are we at the writer's mercy; on the strong wing of his imagination, we are snatched from

Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleasure to pleasure; we have no home, no thought of our own, till the magician drops his pen; and then falling down into ourselves, we awake to flat realities, lamenting the change, like the beggar who dreamed himself a prince.

It is with thoughts as it is with words, and with both as with men; they may grow old, and die. Words tarnished, by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, are laid aside as inelegant and obsolete; so thoughts, when become too common, should lose their currency; and we should send new metal to the mint; that is, new meaning to the press. The division of tongues at Babel did not more effectually debar men from "making themselves a name," (as the Scripture speaks), than the too great concurrence or union of tongues will do for ever. We may as well grow good by another's virtue, or fat by another's food, as famous by another's thought. The world will pay its debt of praise but once; and instead of applauding, explode a second demand as a cheat.

If it is said, that most of the Latin classics, and all the Greek, except, perhaps, Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, are in the number of imitators, yet receive our highest applause; our answer is, that they, though not real, are accidental originals: the works they imitated, few excepted, are lost; they, on their father's decease, enter as lawful heirs on their estates in Fame: the fathers of our copyists are still in possession, and secured in it, in spite of Goths, and flames, by the perpetuating power of the press. Very late must a modern imitator's fame arrive, if it waits for their decease.

An original enters early on reputation: Fame, fond of new glories, sounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of like attempts! Ambition is some-

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times no vice in life ; it is always a virtue in composition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po ; high in fame, and in antiquity, is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking ; but the river, and the imitation, humbly creep along the vale. So few are originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt, the lettered world would resemble some metropolis in flames, where a few incombustible buildings, a fortress, temple, or tower, lift their heads, in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a small bonfire, when he heated the baths of the barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's inestimable spoils, that no profane book might obstruct the triumphant progress of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

But why are originals so few ? Not because the writer's harvest is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them ; nor because the human mind's teeming time is past, or because it is incapable of putting forth unprecedented births ; but because illustrious examples engross, prejudice, and intimidate. They engross our attention, and so prevent a due inspection of ourselves ; they prejudice our judgment in favour of their abilities, and so lessen the sense of our own ; and they intimidate us with the splendor of their renown, and thus under diffidence bury our strength. Nature's impossibilities, and those of diffidence, ly wide asunder.

Let it not be suspected, that I would weakly insinuate any thing in favour of the moderns, as compared with ancient authors ; no, I am lamenting their great inferiority. But I think it is no necessary inferiority ; that it is not from divine destination, but from some cause far beneath the moon * : I think that human souls, through all periods, are equal ; that due

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care, and exertion, would set us nearer our immortal predecessors than we are at present; and he who questions and confutes this, will show abilities not a little tending toward a proof of that equality which he denies.

After all, the first ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make; and therefore have a merit in their power. They may soar in the regions of liberty, or move in the soft fetters of easy imitation; and imitation has as many plausible reasons to urge, as Pleasure had to offer to Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero, and so became immortal.

Yet let not assertors of classic excellence imagine, that I deny the tribute it so well deserves. He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a secret he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not understand them. Let us be as far from neglecting as from copying their admirable compositions: sacred be their rights, and inviolable their fame. Let our understanding feed on theirs; they afford the noblest nourishment: but let them nourish, not annihilate, our own. When we read, let our imagination kindle at their charms; when we write, let our judgment shut them out of our thoughts: treat even Homer himself, as his royal admirer was treated by the cynic; bid him stand aside, nor shade our composition from the beams of our own genius; for nothing original can rise, nothing immortal can ripen, in any other sun.

Must we then (you say) not imitate ancient authors? Imitate them, by all means; but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine *Iliad*, does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the same method which Homer took, for arriving at a capacity of accomplishing a work so great. Tread in his steps to the sole fountain of immortality; drink where he

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drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the breast of nature: imitate; but imitate not the composition, but the man. For may not this paradox pass into a maxim? *viz.* "The less we copy the renowned ancients, we shall resemble them the more."

But possibly you may reply, that you must either imitate Homer, or depart from nature. Not so: for suppose you was to change place, in time, with Homer; then, if you write naturally, you might as well charge Homer with an imitation of you. Can you be said to imitate Homer for writing so as you would have written if Homer had never been? As far as a regard to nature and sound sense will permit a departure from your great predecessors; so far, ambitiously, depart from them: the farther from them in similitude, the nearer are you to them in excellence: you rise by it into an original; become a noble collateral, not an humble descendent from them. Let us build our compositions with the spirit, and in the taste, of the ancients; but not with the materials: thus will they resemble the structures of Pericles at Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air of antiquity as soon as they were built. All eminence, and distinction, lyes out of the beaten road; excursion and deviation are necessary to find it, and the more remote your path from the highway, the more reputable; if, like poor Gulliver (of whom anon) you fall not into a ditch, in your way to glory.

What glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (presumptuous thought!) to surpass, our predecessors! And is that then in nature absolutely impossible? Or is it not, rather, contrary to nature to fail in it? Nature herself sets the ladder; all wanting, is our ambition to climb: for by the bounty of nature we are as strong as our predecessors; and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's scale) we stand on higher ground. As to the

first: Were they more than men? or are we less? Are not our minds cast in the same mould with those before the flood? the flood affected matter; mind escaped. As to the second: Though we are moderns, the world is an ancient; more ancient far, than when they, whom we most admire, filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as stars to guide; their defects, as rocks to be shunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart to conduct, and a sure helm to steer us in our passage to greater perfection than theirs? And shall we be stopped in our rival pretensions to fame by this just reproof?

"Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fur es." MART.

It is by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us. Hope we from plagiarism any dominion in literature, as that of Rome arose from a nest of thieves?

Rome was a powerful ally to many states: ancient authors are our powerful allies; but we must take heed that they do not succour, till they enslave, after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their superiority, like a spectre, would fright us out of a proper use of our wits; and dwarf our understandings, by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under restraint, and denies it that free scope, that full elbow-room, which is requisite for striking its most masterly strokes. Genius is master workman: learning is but an instrument; and an instrument, though most valuable, yet not always indispensable. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accomplishment of some favourite spirits; but, rejecting all human means, assumes the whole glory to itself. Have not some, though not famed for erudition, so written, as almost to per-

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suade us, that they shone brighter, and soared higher, for escaping the boasted aid of that proud ally!

Nor is it strange; for what, for the most part, mean we by genius, but the power of accomplishing great things without the means generally reputed necessary to that end? A genius differs from a good understanding, as a magician from a good architect: that raises his structure by means invifible; this, by the skilful use of common tools. Hence genius has ever been supposed to partake of something divine. "Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, sine aliquo afflatu divino."

Learning, destitute of this superior aid, is fond, and proud, of what has cost it much pains; is a great lover of rules, and boaster of famed examples: as beauties less perfect, who owe half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs against natural unstudied graces and small harmless inaccuracies, and sets rigid bounds to that liberty to which genius often owes its supreme glory, but the no-genius its frequent ruin: for unprescribed beauties, and unexampled excellence, which are characteristics of genius, ly without the pale of learning's authorities and laws; which pale genius must leap, to come at them: but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks; we lose that little credit, which possibly we might have enjoyed before: for rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the strong. A Homer cast them away; and, like his Achilles,

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat,

by native force of mind. There is something in poetry beyond prose-reason: there are mysteries in it not to be explained, but admired; which render mere prose-men infidels to their divinity. And here pardon a second paradox; viz. "Genius often them deserves most to be praised, when it is most sure

“to be condemned; that is, when its excellence, from mounting high, to weak eyes is quite out of sight.”

If I might speak farther of learning and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches. As riches are most wanted where there is least virtue, so learning where there is least genius. As virtue without much riches can give happiness, so genius without much learning can give renown. As it is said in Terence, “*Pecuniam negligere interdum maximum est lucrum* ;” so to a neglect of learning, genius sometimes owes its greater glory. Genius, therefore, leaves but the second place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit, and ambition, to sling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We most justly reverence their informing radius for that favour; but we must much more admire the radiant stars pointed out by them.

A star of the first magnitude among the Moderns was Shakespear; among the Ancients, Pindar; who (as Vossius tells us) boasted of his no-learning, calling himself the Eagle, for his flight above it. And such genii as these may, indeed, have much reliance on their own native powers. For genius may be compared to the natural strength of the body; learning to the superinduced accoutrements of arms: if the first is equal to the proposed exploit, the latter rather encumbers, than assists; rather retards, than promotes the victory. “*Sacer nobis inest deus*,” says Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conscience; with regard to the intellectual, genius, is that god within. Genius can set us right in composition, without the rules of the learned; as conscience sets us right in life, without the laws of the land: this, singly, can make us good, as men: that, singly, as writers, can, sometimes, make us great.

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I say, sometimes; because there is a genius which stands in need of learning to make it shine. Of genius there are two species; an earlier, and a later: or call them infantine, and adult. An adult genius comes out of Nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature: Shakespear's genius was of this kind. On the contrary, Swift stumbled at the threshold, and set out for distinction on feeble knees: he was an infantine genius; a genius which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to nought: learning is its nurse and tutor; but this nurse may overlay with an indigested load, which smothers common sense; and this tutor may mislead, with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the best understanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have sometimes set up their authority against the true sense of the scripture; so too great admirers of the classical fathers have sometimes set up their authority, or example, against reason.

"Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu

"Fabula."

So says Horace, so says ancient example. But reason has not subscribed. I know but one book that can justify our implicit acquiescence in it: and (by the way) on that book a noble disdain of undue deference to prior opinion has lately cast, and is still casting, a new and inestimable light.

But, superstition for our predecessors set aside, the classics are for ever our rightful and revered masters in composition, and our understandings bow before them. But when? when a master is wanted; which sometimes, as I have shown, is not the case. Some are pupils of Nature only, nor go farther to school. from such we reap often a double advantage; they not only rival the reputation of the great ancient authors, but also reduce the number of mean ones a-

mong the moderns. For when they enter on subjects which have been in former hands, such is their superiority, that, like a tenth wave, they overwhelm and bury in oblivion all that went before: and thus not only enrich and adorn, but remove a load, and lessen the labour of the lettered world.

“ But, (say you,) since originals can arise from genius only, and since genius is so very rare, it is scarce worth while to labour a point so much, from which we can reasonably expect so little.” To show that genius is not so very rare as you imagine, I shall point out strong instances of it in a far distant quarter from that mentioned above. The minds of the schoolmen were almost as much cloistered as their bodies; they had but little learning and few books; yet may the most learned be struck with some astonishment at their so singular natural sagacity, and most exquisite edge of thought. Who would expect to find Pindar and Scotus, Shakespear and Aquinas, of the same party? Both equally show an original, unindebted energy: the *vigor igneus*, and *cælestis origo*, burns in both; and leaves us in doubt whether genius is more evident in the sublime flights and beauteous flowers of poetry, or in the profound penetration, and marvellous keen and minute distinctions, called the thorns of the schools. There might have been more able consuls called from the plough, than ever arrived at that honour: many a genius, probably, there has been, which could neither write nor read. So that genius, that supreme lustre of literature, is less rare than you conceive.

By the praise of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold, by saying that diamond is greater still. He who disregards learning, shows that he wants its aid: and he that overvalues it, shows that its aid has done him harm. Overvalued indeed it cannot be, if genius, as to composition, is valued more. Learning we thank,

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genius we revive; that gives us pleasure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inspires; and is itself inspired; for genius is from heaven, learning from man: this sets us above the low, and illiterate; that, above the learned, and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge; genius is knowledge innate, and quite our own. Therefore, as Bacon observes, it may take a nobler name, and be called wisdom; in which sense of wisdom, some are born wise.

But here a caution is necessary against the most fatal of errors in those automaths, those self-taught philosophers of our age, who set up genius, and often mere fancied genius, not only above human learning, but divine truth. I have called genius wisdom; but let it be remembered, that in the most renowned ages of the most refined heathen wisdom (and theirs is not Christian) "the world by wisdom knew not God, and it pleased God by the foolishness of "preaching to save those that believed." In the fairy-land of fancy, genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wide field of nature also lies open before it, where it may range unconfined, make what discoveries it can, and sport with its infinite objects uncontrouled, as far as visible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will: but what painter of the most unbounded and exalted genius can give us the true portrait of a seraph? He can give us only what by his own or others eyes has been seen; though that indeed infinitely compounded, raised, burlesqued, dishonoured, or adorned. In like manner, who can give us divine truth unrevealed? much less should any presume to set aside divine truth when revealed, as incongruous to their own sagacities.—Is this too serious for my subject? I shall be more so before I close.

Having put in a caveat against the most fatal of errors, from the too great indulgence of genius, re-

turn we now to that too great suppression of it which is detrimental to composition, and endeavour to rescue the writer as well as the man. I have said, that some are born wise; but they, like those that are born rich, by neglecting the cultivation and produce of their own possessions, and by running in debt, may be beggared at last, and lose their reputations, as younger brothers estates, not by being born with less abilities than the rich heir, but at too late an hour.

Many a great man has been lost to himself and the public, purely because great ones were born before him. Hermias, in his collections on Homer's blindness, says, that Homer, requesting the gods to grant him a sight of Achilles, that hero rose, but in armour so bright, that it struck Homer blind with the blaze. Let not the blaze of even Homer's muse darken us to the discernment of our own powers; which may possibly set us above the rank of imitators; who though most excellent, and even immortal (as some of them are), yet are still but *dii minorum gentium*, nor can expect the largest share of incense, the greatest profusion of praise, on their secondary altars.

But farther still: A spirit of imitation hath many ill effects; I shall confine myself to three. First, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy: in these, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predecessors; in the former, to follow them. And since copies surpass not their originals, as streams rise not higher than their spring, rarely so high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progress and increase, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. These resemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but lessen exceedingly as they rise; those resemble rivers, which, from a small fountain-head, are spreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident, that different portions of understanding are not (as some ima-

gine) allotted to different periods of time; for we see, in the same period, understanding rising in one set of artists, and declining in another. Therefore nature stands absolved, and our inferiority in composition must be charged on ourselves.

Nay, so far are we from complying with a necessity which nature lays us under, that, secondly, by a spirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her design. She brings us into the world all originals; no two faces, no two minds, are just alike; but all bear nature's evident mark of separation on them. Born originals, how comes it to pass that we die copies? That meddling ape Imitation, as soon as we come to years of indiscretion (so let me speak,) snatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of separation, cancels her kind intention, destroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer consists of singulars, it is a medley, a mass; and a hundred books at bottom are but one. Why are monkeys such masters of mimicry? why receive such a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan slaves received a licence for ebriety, that their betters might be ashamed of it?

The third fault to be found with a spirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor, and proud; makes us think little, and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cushions to promote our repose. Have not some sevenfold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's sevenfold channel of the Nile at the conflagration;

“*Offia septem*

“*Pulverulenta vacant septem sine flumine valles.*”

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong-boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

But notwithstanding these disadvantages of imitation, imitation must be the lot (and often an honourable lot it is) of most writers. If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joseph's brethren, we must travel far for food; we must visit the remote and rich ancients: but an inventive genius may safely stay at home; that, like the widow's cruse, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our own genius be such, or not, we diligently should inquire, that we may not go a-begging with gold in our purse: for there is a mine in man which must be deeply dug, ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often sees that in us which we see not ourselves; and may there not be that in us which is unseen by both? That there may, chance often discovers, either by a luckily chosen theme, or a mighty premium, or an absolute necessity of exertion, or a noble stroke of emulation from another's glory; as that on Thucydides, from hearing Herodotus repeat part of his history on the Olympic games: had there been no Herodotus, there might have been no Thucydides; and the world's admiration might have begun at Livy, for excellence in that province of the pen. Demosthenes had the same stimulation on hearing Callistratus; or Tully might have been the first of consummate renown at the bar.

Quite clear of the dispute concerning ancient and modern learning, we speak not of performance, but powers. The modern powers are equal to those before them; modern performance in general is deplorably short. How great are the names just mentioned? Yet who will dare affirm, that as great may not rise up in some future, or even in the present, age? Reasons there are why talents may not appear, none why they may not exist as much in one period as another: an evocation of vegetable fruits depends on rain, air, and sun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no less depends on externals. What a marvellous

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crop bore it in Greece and Rome: and what a marvellous sunshine did it there enjoy! what encouragement from the nature of their governments, and the spirit of their people! Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven; their immortal works to men: thank Mæcenæ and Augustus for them. Had it not been for these, the genius of those poets had lain buried in their ashes. Athens expended on her theatre, painting, sculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the support of a war. Cæsar dropped his papers when Tully spoke; and Philip trembled at the voice of Demosthenes. And has there arisen but one Tully, one Demosthenes, in so long a course of years? The powerful eloquence of them both in one stream, should never bear me down into the melancholy persuasion, that several have not been born, though they have not emerged. The sun as much exists in a cloudy day as in a clear; it is outward, accidental circumstances, that with regard to genius, either in nation, or age,

“Collectas fugat nubes, solemque reducit.” VIRG.

As great, perhaps greater, than those mentioned (presumptuous as it may sound) may possibly arise; for who hath fathomed the mind of man? Its bounds are as unknown as those of the creation; since the birth of which, perhaps, not one has so far exerted, as not to leave his possibilities beyond his attainments, his powers beyond his exploits. Forming our judgments altogether by what has been done, without knowing, or at all inquiring, what possibly might have been done, we naturally enough fall into too mean an opinion of the human mind. If a sketch of the divine Iliad before Homer wrote, had been given to mankind by some superior being, or otherwise, its execution would probably have appeared beyond the power of man: now, to surpass it we think impossible. As the first of these opinions would evidently have been

a mistake, why may not the second be so too? Both are founded on the same bottom; on our ignorance of the possible dimensions of the mind of man.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimensions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be scarce less ignorant of his own powers, than an oyster of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may possess dormant, unsuspected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or stung up by striking emergencies, is evident from the sudden eruption of some men out of perfect obscurity, into public admiration, on the strong impulse of some animating occasion; not more to the world's great surprise, than their own. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature, at the first beamings of their yet unsuspected genius on their hitherto dark composition; the writer starts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night; is much surprised; can scarce believe it true. During his happy confusion, it may be said to him as to Eve at the lake,

“What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself.”

MILT.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise; who, while we are lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us, at once, with equal surprise and joy. This sensation, which I speak of in a writer, might favour, and so promote, the fable of poetic inspiration; a poet of a strong imagination, and stronger vanity, on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himself truly inspired: which is not improbable; for enthusiasts of all kinds do no less.

Since it is plain that men may be strangers to their own abilities, and by thinking meanly of them without just cause, may possibly lose a name, perhaps a name immortal, I would find some means to prevent these evils. Whatever promotes virtue, pro-

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motes something more, and carries its good influence beyond the moral man: to prevent these evils, I borrow two golden rules from ethics, which are no less golden in composition than in life: 1st, Know thyself; 2dly, Reverence thyself. I design to repay ethics in a future letter, by two rules from rhetoric for its service.

1st, Know thyself. Of ourselves it may be said, as Martial says of a bad neighbour,

“ Nil tam prope, proculque nobis.”

Therefore dive deep into thy bosom; learn the depth, extent, bias, and full force of thy mind; contract full intimacy with the stranger within thee; excite and cherish every spark of intellectual light and heat, however smothered under former negligence, or scattered thro' the dull dark mass of common thoughts; and collecting them into a body, let thy genius rise (if a genius thou hast) as the sun from chaos; and if I should then say, like an Indian, Worship it, (though too bold), yet should I say little more than my second rule enjoins, (*viz.*) Reverence thyself.

That is, let not great examples or authorities brow-beat thy reason into too great a diffidence of thyself: thyself so reverence, as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richest import from abroad; such borrowed riches make us poor. The man who thus reverences himself, will soon find the world's reverence to follow his own. His works will stand distinguished; his the sole property of them; which property alone can confer the noble title of an Author; that is, of one who (to speak accurately) thinks, and composes; while other invaders of the press, how voluminous and learned soever, (with due respect be it spoken) only read and write.

This is the difference between those two luminaries in literature, the well-accomplished scholar, and the divinely-inspired enthusiast: the first is as the bright

morning star; the second, as the rising sun. The writer who neglects these two rules above, will never stand alone; he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng: incumbered with the notions of others, and impoverished by their abundance, he conceives not the least embryo of new thought; opens not the least vista through the gloom of ordinary writers, into the bright walks of rare imagination and singular design. While the true genius is crossing all public roads into fresh untrodden ground; he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading the secret footsteps of great examples, with the blind veneration of a bigot saluting the papal toe; comfortably hoping full absolution for the sins of his own understanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

Such meanness of mind, such prostration of our own powers, proceeds from too great admiration of others. Admiration has generally a degree of two very bad ingredients in it; of ignorance, and of fear: and does mischief in composition, and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more superiority in it given than assumed; and its grandees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleness of others' minds, than to the greatness of their own. Were not prostrate spirits their voluntary pedestals, the figure they make among mankind would not stand so high. Imitators and translators are somewhat of the pedestal-kind, and sometimes rather raise their original's reputation, by showing him to be by them imitable, than their own. Homer has been translated into most languages: Ælian tells us, that the Indians (hopeful tutors!) have taught him to speak their tongue. What expect we from them? Not Homer's Achilles; but something, which, like Patroclus, assumes his name, and, at his peril, appears in his stead: nor expect we Homer's Ulysses, gloriously bursting out of his cloud into royal grandeur; but an

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Ulysses under disguise, and a beggar to the last. Such is that inimitable father of poetry, and oracle of all the wise, whom Lycurgus transcribed, and for an annual public recital of whose works Solon enacted a law, that it is much to be feared, that his so numerous translations are but as the polished testimonials of so many nations and ages, that this author so divine is untranslated still.

But here,

"—Cynthia aurem

"Vellit;"—

VIRG.

and demands justice for his favourite, and ours. Great things he has done; but he might have done greater. What a fall is it from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles, and tinkling sounds! But, in his fall, he is still great—

"—Nor appears

"Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess

"Of glory' obscur'd."—

MILT.

Had Milton never wrote, Pope had been less to blame; but when in Milton's genius, Homer as it were personally rose to forbid Britons doing him that ignoble wrong; it is less pardonable, by that effeminate decoration, to put Achilles in petticoats a second time. How much nobler had it been, if his numbers had rolled on in full flow, through the various modulations of masculine melody, into those grandeurs of solemn sound, which are indispensibly demanded by the native dignity of heroic song! how much nobler, if he had resisted the temptation of that Gothic daemon, which modern poetry tasting, became mortal! O how unlike the deathless, divine harmony of three great names (how justly joined!) of Milton, Greece, and Rome! His verse, but for this little speck of mortality in its extreme parts, as his hero had in his heel, like

him had been invulnerable and immortal. But, unfortunately, that was undipt in Helicon; as this, in Styx. Harmony, as well as eloquence, is essential to poesy; and a murder of his music is putting half Homer to death. Blank is a term of diminution: what we mean by blank verse, is, verse unfallen, uncurfed; verse reclaimed, reinthroned in the true language of the gods; who never thundered, nor suffered their Homer to thunder, in rhyme: and therefore I beg you, my friend, to crown it with some nobler term; nor let the greatness of the thing ly under the defamation of such a name.

But supposing Pope's Iliad to have been perfect in its kind; yet it is a translation still; which differs as much from an original, as the moon from the sun.

—“Phoeben alieno jusserat igne
“Impleri, solemque suo.” CLAUD.

But as nothing is more easy than to write originally wrong; originals are not here recommended, but under the strong guard of my first rule—Know thyself. Lucian, who was an original, neglected not this rule, if we may judge by his reply to one who took some freedom with him. He was, at first, an apprentice to a statuary; and when he was reflected on as such, by being called Prometheus, he replied, “I am indeed
“the inventor of a new work, the model of which
“I owe to none; and, if I do not execute it well, I
“deserve to be torn by twelve vultures, instead of
“one.”

If so, O Gulliver! dost thou not shudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering over thee? Shudder on! they cannot shock thee more, than decency has been shocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhams thrown thy judgment from its seat, and laid thy imagination in the mire! In what ordure hast thou dipped thy pencil! What a monster hast thou made of the

—“Human face divine!” MILT;

This writer has so satirized human nature, as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized: but, say his wholesale admirers, Few could so have written: true, and fewer would. If it required great abilities to commit the fault, greater still would have saved him from it. But whence arise such warm advocates for such a performance? From hence, *viz.* before a character is established, merit makes fame; afterwards, fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece, but this piece for Swift. He has given us some beauties which deserve all our praise: and our comfort is, that his faults will not become common; for none can be guilty of them, but who have wit as well as reputation to spare. His wit had been less wild, if his temper had not justified his judgment. If his favourite Houyhnhums could write, and Swift had been one of them, every horse with him would have been an ass, and he would have written a panegyric on mankind, saddling with much reproach the present heroes of his pen; on the contrary, being born amongst men, and, of consequence, piqued by many, and peevish at more, he has blasphemed a nature little lower than that of angels, and assumed by far higher than they. But surely the contempt of the world is not a greater virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice. Therefore I wonder, that, though forborn by others, the laughter-loving Swift was not reproved by the venerable Dean, who could sometimes be very grave.

For I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short; we passed on: but perceiving that he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top." As

in this he seemed to prophesy like the Sybils; if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his works, especially this blasted branch of a noble genius, like her too he might have risen in his demand for the rest.

Would not his friend Pope have succeeded better in an original attempt? Talents untried, are talents unknown. All that I know, is, that, contrary to these sentiments, he was not only an avowed professor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it also. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to those who write. One of these all writers must call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confessed; emulation is superiority contested, or denied: imitation is servile, emulation generous: that fetters; this fires: that may give a name; this, a name immortal: this made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time shall extinguish. We thank Eschylus for Sophocles; and Parrhasius for Zeuxis; emulation, for both. That bids us fly the general fault of imitators; bids us not be struck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the spirits; but as with a trumpet, which inspires ardor to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever, like raw troops under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laurel'd veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory.

Such is emulation's high-spirited advice, such her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imitation, which blessed him with all her charms. He chose rather, with his namesake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taste partook the error of his religion: it denied not worship to saints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have

received their apotheosis from established and universal fame. True poesy, like true religion, abhors idolatry: and though it honours the exemplary, and takes them willingly (yet cautiously) as guides in the way to glory; real, though unexampled, excellence is its only aim; nor looks it for any inspiration less than divine.

Though Pope's noble muse may boast her illustrious descent from Homer, Virgil, Horace; yet is an original author more nobly born. As Tacitus says of Curtius Rufus, an original author is born of himself, is his own progenitor, and will probably propagate a numerous offspring of imitators to eternize his glory; while, mule-like, imitators die without issue. Therefore, though we stand much obliged for his giving us an Homer; yet had he doubled his obligation, by giving us——a Pope. Had he a strong imagination, and the true sublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers instead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying swan talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his decease.

Bacon, under the shadow of whose great name I would shelter my present attempt in favour of originals, says, "Men seek not to know their own stock and abilities; but fancy their possessions to be greater, and their abilities less, than they really are." Which is in effect saying, "That we ought to exert more than we do; and that, on exertion, our probability of success is greater than we conceive."

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his assistance too, on my side. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world; and, with a more than eagle's eye, saw, and has pointed out, blank spaces or dark spots in it, on which the human mind never shone: some of those have been enlightened since; some are benighted still.

Moreover, so boundless are the bold excursions of

the human mind, that, in the vast void beyond real existence, it can call forth shadowy beings, and unknown worlds, as numerous, as bright, and perhaps as lasting, as the stars; such quite original beauties we may call paradisaical,

“ *Natos sine femine flores.*”

OVID.

When such an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lyes before us, shall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the present age small streams of excellence, from its grand reservoir in antiquity; and those too, perhaps, mudded in the pass? Originals shine like comets; have no peer in their path; are rivalled by none, and the gaze of all: all other compositions (if they shine at all) shine in clusters; like the stars in the galaxy: where, like bad neighbours, all suffer from all; each particular being diminished, and almost lost, in the throng.

If thoughts of this nature prevailed; if ancients and moderns were no longer considered as masters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown; then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might, one day, become ancients themselves: and old time, that best weigher of merits, to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Augustan age in both his scales: or rather our scale might descend; and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it strongly speaks) might kick the beam.

And why not? For, consider, since an impartial Providence scatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of persons, so through all periods of time; since a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured on us by revelation, with larger prospects extending our understanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an inestimable prize setting our passions on fire, thus strengthening every power

that enables composition to shine; since there has been no fall in man on this side Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliaries against themselves, as being perpetual spurs to our ambition, and shining lamps in our path to fame; since this world is a school, as well for intellectual, as moral, advance; and the longer human nature is at school, the better scholar it should be; since, as the moral world expects its glorious millennium, the world intellectual may hope, by the rules of analogy, for some superior degrees of excellence to crown her latter scenes: nor may it only hope, but must enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics, allow, that virtue assists genius, and that the writer will be more able, when better is the man.—All these particulars, I say, considered, why should it seem altogether impossible, that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, on the children of antiquity; reputing Homer and Demosthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant fame? What a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown!

What a rant, say you, is here?—I partly grant it: yet, consider, my friend! knowledge physical, mathematical, moral, and divine, increases; all arts and sciences are making considerable advance; with them, all the accommodations, ornaments, delights, and glories of human life: and these are new food to the genius of a polite writer; these are as the root, and composition as the flower; and as the root spreads, and thrives, shall the flower fail? As well may a flower flourish, when the root is dead. 'It is prudence to read, genius to relish, glory to surpass, ancient authors; and wisdom to try our strength, in

an attempt in which it would be no great dishonour to fail.

Why condemned Maro his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not because his discerning eye saw some length of perfection beyond it? And what he saw, may not others reach? And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? Something new may be expected from Britons particularly; who seem not to be more severed from the rest of mankind by the surrounding sea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required in order to give us originals, than a consistency of character, and making their compositions of a piece with their lives. May our genius shine; and proclaim us, in that nobler view,

“ —minima contentos nosse Britannos.” VIRG.

And so it does; for in polite composition, in natural and mathematical knowledge, we have great originals already: Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Shakespear, Milton, have showed us, that all the winds cannot blow the British flag farther than an original spirit can convey the British fame; their names go round the world; and what foreign genius strikes not as they pass? Why should not their posterity embark in the same bold bottom of new enterprize, and hope the same success? Hope it they may; or you must assert, either that those originals which we already enjoy were written by angels, or deny that we are men. As Simonides said to Pausanias, reason should say to the writer, “Remember thou art a man.” And for man not to grasp at all which is laudable within his reach, is a dishonour to human nature, and a disobedience to the divine; for as Heaven does nothing in vain, its gift of talents implies an injunction of their use.

A friend of mine has obeyed that injunction: he has relied on himself; and with a genius, as well moral,

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as original, (to speak in bold terms,) has cast out evil spirits; has made a convert to virtue of a species of composition once most its foe; as the first Christian emperors expelled dæmons, and dedicated their temples to the living GOD.

But you, I know, are sparing in your praise of this author; therefore I will speak of one which is sure of your applause. Shakespear mingled no water with his wine; lowered his genius by no vapid imitation: Shakespear gave us a Shakespear, nor could the first in ancient fame have given us more. Shakespear is not their son, but brother; their equal; and that in spite of all his faults. Think you this too bold? Consider, in those ancients what is it the world admires? Not the fewness of their faults, but the number and brightness of their beauties; and if Shakespear is their equal (as he doubtless is) in that which in them is admired, then is Shakespear as great as they; and not impotence, but some other cause, must be charged with his defects. When we are setting these great men in competition, what but the comparative size of their genius is the subject of our inquiry? And a giant loses nothing of his size, tho' he should chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to those heroes of antiquity to suppose Shakespear their equal only in dramatic powers; therefore, though his faults had been greater, the scale would still turn in his favour. There is at least as much genius on the British as on the Grecian stage, though the former is not swept so clean; so clean from violations not only of the dramatic, but moral rule; for an honest heathen, on reading some of our celebrated scenes, might be seriously concerned to see, that our obligations to the religion of Nature were cancelled by Christianity.

Johnson, in the serious drama, is as much an imitator, as Shakespear is an original. He was very learned, as Samson was very strong, to his own hurt.

Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himself under it. We see nothing of Johnson, nor indeed of his admired (but also murdered) ancients: for what shone in the historian, is a cloud on the poet; and Catiline might have been a good play, if Sallust had never writ.

Who knows whether Shakespear might not have thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Johnson's learning, as Enceladus under *Ætna*? His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet, possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required: for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, tho' books which the last conflagration alone can destroy; the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head whence the Castalian streams of original composition flow: and these are often muddled by other waters, though waters in their distinct channel most wholesome and pure; as two chymical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but perhaps as it could safely bear. If Milton had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory than he would have lost by it.

Dryden, destitute of Shakespear's genius, had almost as much learning as Johnson, and, for the buskin, quite as little taste. He was a stranger to the pathos; and, by numbers, expression, sentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, strove to make a

mends for it : as if a faint could make amends for the want of conscience ; a soldier for the want of valour ; or a vestal, of modesty. The noble nature of tragedy disclaims an equivalent ; like virtue, it demands the heart ; and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think, the tragedian's point is rather to feel ; such distant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged destroys the former. Look on *Barnwell* and *Effex* ; and see how as to these distant characters Dryden excels, and is excelled. But the strongest demonstration of his no-taste for the buskin, are his tragedies fringed with rhyme ; which, in epic poetry, is a sore disease ; in the tragic, absolute death. To Dryden's enormity, Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, these two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to those solemn ornaments which the noble nature of their works required.

Must rhyme then, say you, be banished ? I wish the nature of our language could bear its entire expulsion : but our lesser poetry stands in need of a toleration for it ; it raises that, but sinks the great ; as spangles adorn children, but expose men. Prince Henry, bespangled all over in his oylet-hole suit, with glittering pins, and an Achilles or an Almanzor in his Gothic array, are very much on a level as to the majesty of the poet and the prince. Dryden had a great, but a general capacity ; and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature : a genius implies the rays of the mind concentered and determined to some particular point ; when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart, reaches ours ; so what comes from his head, sets our brains at work, and our hearts at ease. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of distressed patients ; and a passive audience is what tragedy requires. Applause is not

to be given, but extorted; and the silent lapse of a single tear, does the writer more honour, than the rattling thunder of a thousand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met) are a satire on the writer's talent, and the spectator's taste. When by such judges the laurel is blindly given, and by such a poet proudly received, they resemble an intoxicated host, and his tasteless guests, over some sparkling adulteration, commending their champaign.

But Dryden has his glory, though not on the stage. What an inimitable original is his ode! A small one, indeed, but of the first lustre, and without a flaw; and, amid the brightest boasts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

Among the brightest of the moderns, Mr Addison must take his place. Who does not approach his character with great respect? They who refuse to close with the public in his praise, refuse at their peril: but, if men will be fond of their own opinions, some hazard must be run. He had, what Dryden and Johnson wanted, a warm and feeling heart; but being of a grave and bashful nature, through a philosophic reserve, and a sort of moral prudery, he concealed it, where he should have let loose all his fire, and have showed the most tender sensibilities of heart. At his celebrated Cato, few tears are shed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unafecting, except to the noble few who love their country better than themselves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His strength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly golden, than that in the plains Dura, for cool admiration to gaze at, and warm patriotism (how rare!) to worship; while those two throbbing pulses of the drama, by which alone it is shown to live, Terror and Pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmolested hearts at perfect

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peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through mistaken excellence, and virtue overstrained, becomes a sort of suicide, and that which is most dramatic in the drama dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers which adorn, all his noble sentiments but as rich spices which embalm, the tragedy deceased.

Of tragedy, pathos is not only the life and soul, but the soul inextinguishable ; it charms us through a thousand faults. Decorations, which in this author abound, though they might immortalize other poetry, are the *splendida peccata* which damn the drama ; while, on the contrary, the murder of all other beauties is a venial sin, nor plucks the laurel from the tragedian's brow. Was it otherwise, Shakespear himself would run some hazard of his crown.

Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides ; and what living Socrates would decline the theatre at the representation of Cato ? Tully's assassins found him in his litter, reading the *Medea* of the Grecian poet, to prepare himself for death. Part of Cato might be read to the same end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addison resembles that poet, who was called the dramatic philosopher ; and is himself, as he says of Cato, " ambitiously sententious." But as to the singular talent so remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender streams of grief and pity, there the resemblance fails. His beauties sparkle, but do not warm ; they sparkle as stars in a frosty night. There is indeed a constellation in his play ; there is the philosopher, patriot, orator, and poet ; but where is the tragedian ? and if that is wanting,

" Cur in theatrum Cato severe venisti ?" MART.

And when I recollect what passed between him and

Dryden, in relation to this drama, I must add the next line,

“ An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?”

For, when Addison was a student at Oxford, he sent up his play to his friend Dryden, as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre if it deserved it; who returned it with very great commendation; but with his opinion, that on the stage it could not meet with its deserved success. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public stage of life. For persons in power inquiring soon after of the head of his college for a youth of parts, Addison was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation which Dryden had just then spread of him above.

There is this similitude between the poet and the play; as this is more fit for the closet than the stage, so that shone brighter in private conversation than on the public scene. They both had a sort of local excellency, as the heathen gods a local divinity; beyond such a bound, they unadmired, and these unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied Homer to the public; that Homer which, when in his closet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus though Cato is not calculated to signalize himself in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a most amiable companion in our calmer delights of recess.

Notwithstanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquisite piece. But there is so much more of art than nature in it, that I can scarce forbear calling it an exquisite piece of statuary,

“ Where the smooth chisel all its skill has shown,

“ To soften into flesh the rugged stone.” ADDISON,

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour

undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impossible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wish it was alive. How would a Shakespear or an Otway have answered our wishes! They would have outdone Prometheus; and with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (such is the force of Nature) the poet is out of sight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward: he stands before his piece, splendidly indeed, but unfortunately; for the writer must be forgotten by his audience during the representation, if for ages he would be remembered by posterity. In the theatre, as in life, delusion is the charm; and we are undelighted, the first moment we are undeceived. Such demonstration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which solid happiness can be found by man; because none are more than comparatively good, and folly has a corner in the heart of the wise.

A genius fond of ornament should not be wedded to the tragic muse, which is in mourning; we want not to be diverted at an entertainment, where our greatest pleasure arises from the depth of our concern. But whence (by the way) this odd generation of pleasure from pain? The movement of our melancholy passions is pleasant, when we ourselves are safe: we love to be at once miserable and unhurt: so are we made; and so made, perhaps, to show us the divine goodness; to show that none of our passions were designed to give us pain except when being pained is for our advantage on the whole; which is evident from this instance, in which we see, that passions the most painful administer greatly sometimes to our delight. Since great names have accounted otherwise for this particular, I wish this solution, though to me probable, may not prove a mistake.

To close our thoughts on Cato; he who sees not much Beauty in it, has no taste for poetry; he who sees nothing else, has no taste for the stage. Whilst it justifies censure, it extorts applause. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate somewhat resembles his, who for conquering gloriously was condemned to die. Both shone, but shone fatally; because in breach of their respective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation must that author be, who can spare a Cato, without feeling the loss?

That loss by our author would scarce be felt; it would be but dropping a single feather from a wing that mounts him above his contemporaries. He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extensive genius than Pope or Swift. To distinguish this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to discover the different colours in these genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a singular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addison a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and sway in the world; and considered, as usurpation, all power that was lodged in persons of less sparkling understandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit: Pope was somewhat of his opinion, but was for softening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet were there some acts of severity in his reign. Addison's crown was elective; he reigned by the public voice:

“ ————— Volentes

“ Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.”

VIRG.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we should dethrone these authors, and consider them not in their royal, but their medicinal capacity, might it not then be said, that Addison prescribed a

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wholesome and pleasant regimen, which was universally relished, and did much good: that Pope preferred a purgative of satire; which, though wholesome, was too painful in its operation: and that Swift insisted on a large doze of ipecacuanha; which tho' readily swallowed from the fame of the physician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taste, he threw up the remedy, instead of the disease?

Addison wrote little in verse; much in sweet, elegant, Virgilian prose; so let me call it, since Longinus calls Herodotus most Homeric, and Thucydides is said to have formed his style on Pindar. Addison's compositions are built with the finest materials in the taste of the ancients, and (to speak his own language) on truly classic ground; and though they are the delight of the present age, yet am I persuaded that they will receive more justice from posterity. I never read him but I am struck with such a disheartened idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far superior writers should forget his compositions, if they would be greatly pleased with their own.

And yet (perhaps you have not observed it) what is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an elegant writer. That elegance which shines on the surface of his compositions, seems to dazzle their understanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of sentiment which lyes beneath: thus (hard fate!) he loses reputation with them, by doubling his title to it. On subjects the most interesting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almost said with equal, weight: and they who commend him for his elegance, pay him such a sort of compliment by their abstemious praise, as they would pay to Lucretia if they should commend her only for her beauty.

But you say, that you know his value already—

You know, indeed, the value of his writings, and close with the world in thinking him immortal: but, I believe, you know not, that his name would have deserved immortality, though he had never written; and that by a better title than the pen can give. You know too, that his life was amiable; but perhaps you are still to learn, that his death was triumphant: that is a glory granted to very few. And the paternal hand of Providence, which sometimes snatches home its beloved children in a moment, must convince us, that it is a glory of no great consequence to the dying individual; that when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the sake of the surviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the strength and opportunity to make his virtue shine out brightest at the point of death. And, here, permit me take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being usually taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind: therefore to smother a bright example of this superior good influence, may be reputed a sort of murder, injurious to the living, and unjust to the dead.

Such an example have we in Addison; which, though hitherto suppressed, yet, when once known, is insuppressible, of a nature too rare, too striking, to be forgotten. For after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life: but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living; but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear Sir! you sent for me. I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands. I shall

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"hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." He spake with difficulty, and soon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how stingless death! Who would not thus expire?

What an inestimable legacy were those few dying words to the youth beloved! What a glorious supplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Christianity! What a full demonstration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach! For when he would strike us most strongly with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this sublime sentiment,

"While yet I live, let me not live in vain." CATO.

But how much more sublime is that sentiment when realized in life; when dispelling the languors, and appeasing the pains, of a last hour; and brightening with illustrious action the dark avenue, and all-awful confines, of an eternity! When his soul scarce animated his body, strong faith, and ardent charity, animated his soul into divine ambition of saving more than his own. It is for our honour and our advantage to hold him high in our esteem: for the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better will they be.

By undrawing the long-closed curtain of his death-bed, have I not showed you a stranger in him whom you knew so well? Is not this of your favourite author,

"—Nota major imago?" VIRG.

His compositions are but a noble preface; the grand work is his death: that is a work which is read in heaven. How has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applause of men! How glorious-

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ly has he opened a splendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace! How has he given religion to triumph amidst the ruins of his nature! and, stronger than death, risen higher in virtue when breathing his last!

If all our men of genius had so breathed their last; if all our men of genius, like him, had been men of genius for eternals; then had we never been pained by the report of a latter end—oh! how unlike to this! But a little to balance our pain, let us consider, that such reports as make us at once adore and tremble, are of use, when too many there are who must tremble before they will adore; and who convince us, to our shame, that the surest refuge of our endangered virtue is in the fears and terrors of the disingenuous human heart.

“ But reports, you say, may be false; and you farther ask me, if all reports were true, how came
“ an anecdote of so much honour to human nature,
“ as mine, to ly so long unknown? What inauspicious planet interposed to lay its lustre under so lasting and so surprising an eclipse?”

The fact is indisputably true; nor are you to rely on me for the truth of it: my report is but a second edition; it was published before, though obscurely, and with a cloud before it. As clouds before the sun are often beautiful; so this of which I speak. How finely pathetic are those two lines, which this so solemn and affecting scene inspired!

“ He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high

“ A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.”

TICKEL.

With truth wrapped in darkness, so sung our oracle to the public, but explained himself to me: he was present at his patron's death, and that account of it here given he gave to me before his eyes were dry. By what means Addison “ taught us how to die,”

the poet left to be made known by a late and less able hand; but one more zealous for his patron's glory: zealous, and impotent, as the poor Ægyptian, who gathered a few splinters of a broken boat, as a funeral pile for the great Pompey, studious of doing honour to so renewed a name: yet had not this poor plank (permit me, here, so to call this imperfect page) been thrown out, the chief article of his patron's glory would probably have been sunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his fame; a fragment glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! But to commend him for composition, though immortal, is detraction now; if there our encomium ends: let us look farther to that concluding scene, which spoke human nature not unrelated to the divine. To that let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly posthumous applause.

This you will think a long digression; and justly, if that may be called a digression, which was my chief inducement for writing at all: I had long wished to deliver up to the public this sacred deposit, which by Providence was lodged in my hands; and I entered on the present undertaking, partly as an introduction to that which is more worthy to see the light; of which I gave an intimation in the beginning of my letter: for this is the monumental marble there mentioned, to which I promised to conduct you; this is the sepulchral lamp, the long hidden lustre of our accomplished countryman, who now rises, as from his tomb, to receive the regard so greatly due to the dignity of his death; a death to be distinguished by tears of joy; a death which angels beheld with delight.

And shall that which would have shone conspicuous amid the resplendent lights of Christianity's glorious morn, by these dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our sacred, august, and ample register of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim splendor of far

inferior worth: though so lavish of praise, and so talkative of the dead, yet is it silent on a subject which (if any) might have taught its unlettered stones to speak. If powers were not wanting, a monument, more durable than those of marble, should proudly rise in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler Addison, than that which you and the public have so long and so much admired: nor this nation only; for it is Europe's Addison as well as ours, tho' Europe knows not half his title to her esteem, being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal. Would we resemble him? Let us not limit our ambition to the least illustrious part of his character: heads, indeed, are crowned on earth; but hearts only are crowned in heaven: a truth, which, in such an age of authors, should not be forgotten.

It is piously to be hoped, that this narrative may have some effect, since all listen when a deathbed speaks, and regard the person departing as an actor of a part, which the great master of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roscius on the stage of life: his exit how great! Ye lovers of virtue, *plaudite!* and let us, my friend! ever "remember his end, as well as our own, that "we may never do amiss." I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

humble servant.

A N

E S S A Y

O N

L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

HOW imperfect soever my own composition * may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to shew that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for my success in it.

To our having, or not having, this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it, I shall shew how it unavoidably comes to pass, that bad poets, that is, poets in general, are esteemed, and really are, the most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon earth. But poetry, in its own nature, is certainly

“ —Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.” VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes may fail in it; he that has not, must; and yet he will be vain. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he

* In former editions, this essay was placed before the lyric pieces.

has no test or standard in his judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is in poetry more refined, than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is (as I have said) the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the *genus irritabile* among mankind; and from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule which devolves on them from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Johnson's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

“ —Concordes animæ, dum nocte premuntur;
 “ Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 “ Attigerint, quantas acies, stragemque ceibunt?
 “ Qui juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
 “ Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
 “ Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 “ Sydereo flagrans clypeo, et cœlestibus armis,
 “ Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!
 “ Nec te ullæ facie, non terruit ipse Typhœus
 “ Arduus, arma tenens; non te Messapus et Ufens,
 “ Contemptorque deum Mezentius.” VIRG.

But to return. He that has this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be modest; because to rise up to that idea which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem

as strange as it is infallibly true; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a partial idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor (tho' natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature) will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spirituous, and more remote from prose, than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its members full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, and delicate, yet unaffected; and of a curious felicity beyond other poems: its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order and connection, which gives form and life to some compositions, takes away the very soul of this. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

“Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque decorum.”

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, *viz.* an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character and true merit of the ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigor in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye,

is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all, who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster when they see a man.

And, indeed, it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that there the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising: it must (in Shakespear's style,) have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the real judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the contrary.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit and happy fire is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, was his own:

his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a northern prose translation, is still admirable; and Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judea is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of Lyric poetry among heathen writers. Pindar's muse, like Sacharissa, is a stately, imperious and accomplished beauty; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating, that it was the highest commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms:

“Pindarici fontes qui non expalluit haustus.”

A danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate, all over flowers, graces, and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to admit a rival, which she cannot find.

Sappho's muse, like lady —, is passionately tender and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is soft and warm in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's muse, (like one I shall not presume to name,) is correct, solid, and moral: she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire, of the former, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, that she abounds in hidden graces and secret charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice in their opinion to her

excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I must add, that I think Mr Dryden's ode on St Cecilia's day, inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion; those by which he has chosen to express majesty, *viz.*

“ Assumes the god,

“ Affects to nod,

“ And seems to shake the spheres :”

are chosen in the following ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony, likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme, which laid me under great difficulties; but difficulties overcome, give grace and pleasure: nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general, (of which the moderns are too fond,) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense and expression as could be expected if he was free from that shackle; otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole. Ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded, in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something

of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life; and differ as much from the best imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction I think not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors, even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the Moderns, as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is in its own nature noble, most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr Cowley, that "music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode,"

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence, for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be said in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minuter cares effeminate a composition. Great ma-

sters of poetry, painting, and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary. And justly; for a truly masculine air partakes more of the negligent than of the neat, both in writings and in life.

"Granis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus." PET.

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was *faber imus*, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail; and we know the cause was,

"Quia ponere totum

"Nescius."—

HOR.

To close: If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the severer studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature and of history; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear, that by citing them I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

IMPERIUM PELAGI;

A

NAVAL LYRIC:

Written in Imitation of

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occasioned by

His MAJESTY'S return from Hanover, September 1729, and the succeeding PEACE.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

Quem super notas aluere ripas,

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore.

Concines lætosque dies, et urbis

Publicum ludum, super impetrato

Fortis *Augusti* reditu.

HOR.

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P R E F A C E.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar: as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar. I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself; more proper than any for an Englishman; and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country, than before; or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it; I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this ode into strains; each of which may be considered as a separate ode, if you please. And if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

C O N T E N T S.

The ODE consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

P R E L U D E.

THE proposition. An address to the vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invok'd. Describ'd. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compar'd with other states. The Leviathan describ'd. Britain's site, and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland.

Some despise trade as mean. Censured for it. Trade's glory: The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invok'd. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Britons legacy. Columbus. His praise. America describ'd. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. His glory navally represented

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra, What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

The M O R A L.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

The C L O S E.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by all.

C H O R U S.

THE
M E R C H A N T.
A N
O D E

On the British Trade and Navigation.

To his GRACE

The DUKE of CHANDOS.

πλατισταί παντοθεν λογι-
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
νασον ευχλεια των-
δε κοσμεειν.

PIND. Nem. Ode vi.

P R E L U D E.

I.

FAST by the furge my limbs are spread;
The naval oak nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumult'ous rowl;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar:
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd isle! no less,
By nature's favour, from mankind,
'Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
 Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
 Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run;
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recals the warmth of blooming years,
 Returning GEORGE supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the Pine *,
 That glads the heart of CAROLINE,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the bark that ne'er should hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the godhead warm;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of Time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise—
 The sea she scorns; and, now, shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound;
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

VII.

Dare you to sing, ye twinkling train?
 Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
 Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

* The vessel in which the king came over.

VIII.

Ye lawful sons of genius, rise!
 Of genuine title to the skies;
 Ye founts of learning! and ye mints of fame!
 You, who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure;
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
 As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The gen'rous bursts of willing wine,
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

S T R A I N I.

I.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 What shining forms surround his throne,
 O sun! as planets thee! To my loud strain
 See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
 The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance!
 And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 New glories kindle round his throne;
 The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
 And, now, am present to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed;
 The mighty months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
 Bless'd industry! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth:
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon, and his roar;
 On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
 O golden fruit! oak well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
 All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

V.

What cannot Industry complete?
 * When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
 Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:
 "Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
 As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
 One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

VI.

Is sloth indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
 Enervates man, and damns the soul;
 Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
 Cankers our being, all devours;
 A full exertion of our pow'rs!
 Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear:
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
 'Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he choaks the source.

VIII.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
 Recal her to her native air:
 Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
 And ever shall she flourish here:
 What tho' she languish'd? 'twas but fear;
 She's sound of heart, her constitution's strong.

* L. Florus.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor, push from shore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And see, she's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

IX.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue and name!
Again, she travels with the sun,
Again, she draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

X.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchor's weigh,
The long moor'd vessels wing to sea,
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XI.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgey foreheads lift and smile,
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XII.

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
 Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
 Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
 But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee?
 How every heart dilates to see
 Each land's each season bending on thy shores?

XV.

All these one British harvest make!
 The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
 Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap;
 And fondly give in boundless dow'r
 To mighty GEORGE'S growing pow'r,
 The wasted world into thy loaded lap.

XIV.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
 Fair virtue with the first renown:
 A large revenue, and a large expence,
 When hearts for others welfare glow,
 And spend as free as gods bestow,
 Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then, my breast! abound, my store!
 This, and this boldly I implore;
 Their want and apathy let Stoics boast:
 Passions and riches, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill;
 All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise:
 Let those in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The narrow-soul'd or the profuse,
 The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
 Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
 Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,
 From gold if more than chymic skill
 Extract not what is brighter still :
 'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end :
 Exalted minds their joys extend.
 A Chandos shines, when other's joys are done;
 As lofty turrets by their height,
 When humble scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
 No sordid sin of thine shall dare
 Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace :
 Who now his whole creation drains
 To pour into thy tumid veins
 That blood of nations ; commerce and increase.

XXII.

How various Nature! Turgid grain,
 Here nodding floats the golden plain;
 There worms weave filken webs, here glowing vines
 Lay forth their purple to the sun :
 Beneath the soil, there harvests run,
 And kings revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? art divine,
 Man's soul to soften and refine :
 Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And int'rest draw around the ball
 A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great CREATOR's pen,
 His law supreme to mortal men,
 In their necessities distinctly writ :
 Ev'n appetite supplies the place
 Of absent virtue, absent grace,
 And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
 The wondring foreigner confound:
 How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
 As her proud sceptr'd sons survey,
 At ev'ry port, on ev'ry key,
 Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast!

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees here, by subjects of a British king :
 How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
 A narrow spot! our throng'd Exchange,
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
 In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
 Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
 Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
 Each willing wind her canvas calls,
 Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What tho' we creep beneath the shade,
 And seem as emmets on this point the ball?
 Heav'n lighted up the human soul,
 Heav'n bid its rays transpierce the whole,
 And giving godlike reason, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
 Blest Reason! guide my life and pen;
 All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
 Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
 Smiles, tho' the stars around him fall;
 A God is nought but reason infinite.

XXX.

The man of reason is a god,
 Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
 Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
 Others are passive, are impell'd,
 Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
 As accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
 Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
 From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:
 Those men the silly world disarm,
 Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
 Who know the slender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The present object, present day,
 Are idle phantoms, and away;
 What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
 Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call;
 Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
 To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

XXXIII.

How foreign these, tho' most in view!
 Go, look your whole existence through;
 Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate:
 For so the gods. But as the gains,
 How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains
 To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine :
 Old Britain learnt from thee to shine ;
 By thee, Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's
 Armies, in war of fatal frown, [smile,
 Of peace the pride, Art's flowing gown,
 Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

S T R A I N II.

I.

Commerce gives arts, as well as gain ;
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run ;
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul !
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold !
 Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent :
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple realm that awes the continent :

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r :
 When Jove descends a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre ;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants princes! every deck a throne!

IV.

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
 Her stable column Ocean trod ;
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
 By both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
 Togarmah's steed along the valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor;
And Bafhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast: far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoft; Arabia feeds;
Her fail of purple Egypt fpreads;
Arvad fends mariners; the Perfian, arms.

VI.

The world's laft limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Thofe ftars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot: extent of coaft,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
Her's the far nobler harveft of the feas.

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
The ftrengh of Ocean! head of Plenty's fprings!
The pride of ifles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and fupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But fhe fell:
Her pamper'd fons revolt! rebel!
Againft his favourite ifle loud roars the main!
The tempeft howls! her fculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land, one altar! a whole people flain!

IX.

The deftin'd day puts on her frown;
The fable hour is coming down;
She's on her march from yon almighty throne:
The fword and ftorm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast, unknown!

X.

For, oh! her sins as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
 The queen of trade is bought, once wise and just;
 Now, venal is her council's tongue:
 How riot, violence and wrong,
 Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
 Her sordid nobles sink! her mighty bow!
 Is it for this the groves around
 Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
 Is it for this the great ones toss the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
 To nuptials cold, how glows the vein,
 Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
 The spurious lord it o'er the land!
 Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
 Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
 Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
 Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads
 Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
 Her very priests, in guilt abound:
 Hence, the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!
 Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
 What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
 What public boasts! what private views!
 What desert temples! crowded stews!
 What women—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
 Alas! there is who sees them there;
 There is who flatters not the fair,
 When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

XVI.

He sees and thunders!—Now in vain
 The courser paws and foams the rein,
 And chariots stream along the printed soil:
 In vain her high presumpt'ous air
 In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
 In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
 In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
 Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
 Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store,
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
 The nations hiss! her glory ends!
 To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
 Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd fail,
 And mast of cedar, nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone,
 Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What tho' so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,
 * All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet?
 What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy?
 At length her foes that isle destroy
 Whose conquest fail'd as far as fail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she cloth'd in purple, shake
 Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
 " O fatal pride! (they cry;) this, this is she,
 " Who said—With my own art and arm,
 " In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
 " And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

XXIII.

" This, this is she, who meanly soar'd:
 " Alas! how low to be ador'd,
 " And style herself a god!—Thro' stormy wars
 " This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
 " High-fed her young with human gore;
 " And would have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail man! how impotent
 " To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
 " To turn aside the great CREATOR's aim!
 " Shall island-kings with him contend,
 " Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
 " And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

* Q. Curtius.

XXV.

- " Earth, æther, empyreum bow,
 " When from the brazen mountain's brow
 " The God of battles takes his mighty bow:
 " Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 " Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
 " And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

- " Ah wretched isle, once call'd the Great!
 " Ah wretched isle, and wise too late!
 " The vengeance of JEHOVAH is gone out:
 " Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 " And freedom lost, the realms deride,
 " Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

- " To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 " Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
 " 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:
 " How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
 " Wide, waste, and night, and horror frown,
 " Where empire flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

S T R A I N III.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure:
 Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
 A people's crimes solicit down!
 Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
 Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell:
 What is large property?—The sign of good,
 Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

III.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
 High-flush'd with wealth and freedom's smile:
 To vassals prison'd in the continent,
 Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

IV.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul; bow genius down,
 Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,
 To throw them at a monster's foot?
 'Tis property supports pursuit:
 Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
 She makes the blood and spirits boil:
 I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song; O muse! not thine,
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine:
 The man that can think greatly is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they please;
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for trade, to plough her field the wave,
 And reap the growth of every coast:
 A speck of land! but let her boast,
 Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
 Not cover'd half with solid space,
 Three parts are fluid: empire of the sea!
 And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
 For that, thro' all his various names:
 And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train!
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories burn,
The pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazereth,
Near the deep chambers of the south,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the last volume's closing star;
Decypher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land,
 Smile at our rock and barren strand;
 Not such the sea : let Fohe's ancient line
 Vast tracts, and ample beings, vaunt ;
 The camel low, small elephant ;
 O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life !
 He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
 Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
 Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
 He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

XV.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore,
 German and Caledonian roar,
 Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
 Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred ;
 " The seas are ours,"—the monarchs said—
 The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to rise ?
 Can he be found beneath the skies ?
 Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear ;
 The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim ;
 And prove their distance most as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves ;
 Her foot ambitious Ocean laves :
 Art's noblest boast! but O what wond'rous odds,
 'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle ?
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil ?
 Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
 But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
 The child of Britain! and shall she contend?
 It were no less than parricide!—
 What wonders rise from out the tide!
 Her high and mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there then of lofty brow,
 Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
 So far beneath the state of noble birth?
 Alas! these chiefs but little know,
 Commerce how high, themselves how low;
 The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
 But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
 The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
 High Commerce from the gods came down,
 With compass, chart, and starry crown,
 Their delegate to make the nations smile.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
 From forty crowns, his mighty brow
 To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
 That arm which swept the bloody field,
 See! the huge ax or hammer wield;
 While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

XXII.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
 Matchless example to the crown!
 Old Time is poor: what age boasts such a fight?
 Ye drones! adore the man divine—
 No, virtue, still, as mean, decline,
 Call Russians barb'rous, and yourselves polite.

XXIII.

He too of Judah great as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandise;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
 That merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 The king left much, the merchant bury'd more *.

XXIV.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Out-number'd sands, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
 With purple monarchs, merchants vie:
 If great to spend, what to supply?
 Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings merchants are, in league, and love:
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range:
 Planets are merchants, take, return
 Lustre and heat; by traffic burn:
 The whole creation is one vast exchange.

XXVII.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
 What say the sons of letter'd fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
 In open life, in change of scene,
 'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The siles, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
Who studi'ed trade, he studies all;
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

S T R A I N IV.

How shall I farther rouse the soul!
How sloth's lascivious reign controul
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own;
Thy spirit pour, like vernal show'rs,
My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a star,
In commerce this, or that in war,
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies, resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the throne * a voice thro' time renown'd.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs,
 To chear the glebe, and wake the flow'rs;
 The bloom call'd forth, see azure skies display'd;
 The bird of voice is proud to sing;
 Industrious bees ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too; his race is run;
 He shines in vain! her life's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome;
 Ah dreadful safety! wretched doom!
 No foe will conquer, what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all:
 Trade's All herself; hers, hers, the ball;
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there;
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
 The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
 'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
 The Punic oar. Behold it rise
 And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which His Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

Grandeur * unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load: created sure, not made!
Servant and rival of the skies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—Humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadst thou been, if left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at pleasure on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star,
Had swung behind the rowling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

XII.

As by répletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom.
Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust,
Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair;
Make earth well worth the wise man's care;
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race;
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Her's, every sun; and India meets

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws;
Exalts even Freedom's glorious cause:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine.

N 2

* St Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
 Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd?
 Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power:
 Pleasure declin'd is luxury!
 Boundless in time and in degree:
 Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
 That jars on Nature's trembling string;
 Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame:
 True joy the sunshine of the soul,
 A bright serene that calms the whole;
 Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
 To grow as rich—as angels are;
 To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
 The mighty stake secure, beyond
 The strongest tie of field or fund;
 Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy store,
 Or India's mines will make thee poor:
 Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
 Sea-sovereign isle! proud War decline,
 Trade patronize! what glory thine,
 Ardent to bless, who couldst subdue, mankind?

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
 By day, by night; the stars are thine:
 Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run,
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain, and to bestow,
 While ages last! in trade burn out the sun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down,
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
 This Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold;
 Let Forbifiers, let Raleighs fire!
 O let Columbus * made inspire!
 New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem †: her wide domain,
 An universe! her rivers, seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
 Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her eternal Sire:
 O noble search! O glorious care!
 Are you not Britons? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That trade as long as waters roll:
 Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree;
 By great ELIZA do not swear:
 For thee, O GEORGE! the gods declare,
 And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
 Full be thy fame, as swelling sails;
 Constant, as tides, thy mind; as masts, elate;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
 Thy num'rous race, sure anchor of her state.

N 3

* Born in England, † Vid. Descriptions of America.

S T R A I N V.

I.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine?
 (Of rising thought, O golden mine!)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set no bound;
 She sallies, till she strikes the star;
 Expanding wide, and launching far,
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

II.

Small isle! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove who burst from Macedon,
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,
 Then when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shone:
 They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for Fancy's wing;
 Plain Truth's illustrious: as I sing,
 O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay!
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies (fair printed page) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old!
 As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng:
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main:
 Thence, Argo listens to my strain;
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views;
 Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

VI.

The whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays;
How smiles * Arion's friend with partial beams?
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court ye lesser lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair?
But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize others hearts;
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

IX.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam,
Pale queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame;
And rolling, tell the nations,—“ O'er the main
“ To share her empire is thy pride.”
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign!

X.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
Britannia's centre, and your bound:
Austrian! where'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening sun can shine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

* The Dolphin.

XI.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still,
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the world's; too late
 Another Churchill thou may'st find,
 Another Churchill not so kind,
 And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill do'st own,
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
 Ill thou consider'st, that the kind are brave;
 Ill do'st thou weigh, that in Time's womb
 A day my sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.

XIII.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
 Know'st thou the fatal pair, who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdued?

XIV.

What naval scene* adorns the feat
 Of awful Britain's high debate,
 Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august, assembled senates low'r.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
 Would Britain have her anger told?
 Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Thro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous roll'd,
 And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

* The Spanish armada in the house of Lords.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

XVII.

Nay, hers the sword? for fleets have wings,
Like light'ning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outsides; and lothe or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown,
Trade's the big heart; bright empire, but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil;
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people, sell; one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
 Afric's a glaring monument:
 Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
 (Curs'd in a paradise!) the pines;
 O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
 Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

XXII.

Not so thine, China, blooming wide!
 Thy numerous fleet might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both India's mines:
 Shut be that gate of trade! or wo
 To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
 Ungrateful song! her growth * inspires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
 Devoid of naval skill or might;
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command!
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe;
 That awful pow'r the world would brave,
 Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
 From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
 To GEORGE from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

* Coffee.

XXVI.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth; of pow'r is made
The god on earth: hail then the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

XXVII.

Then perish war—detested war!
Shalt thou make gods? like Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore too as divine,
Wide-wasting storms before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For peace, with laurel ev'ry mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the * patriarch nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred too the merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law:
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

* Noah.

† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
 The march of stars, the births of climes;
 Summer and winter theirs, theirs land and sea;
 Theirs are the seasons, months and years;
 And each a different garland wears:—
 O that my song could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
 Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
 O noble voyage, glorious round!
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

XXXIII.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll:
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies*.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, sing! ye Tritons, blow!
 Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
 Ye navies, to the concert bound!
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

XXXV.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

M O R A L.

I.

BRITAIN! thus blest'd, thy blessing know;
Or bliss, in vain, the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose who most possess;
Then let us bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her chearful, not enamour'd, guest:
Let thought fly forward; twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subjects crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while heav'n-born freedom lasts;
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:

For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
 From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
 By glowing power in shades compress'd;
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

C L O S E.

I.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of Time to sure renown;
 O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme;
 Why, then, unsung? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain;
 But list with yon * ethereal train
 The shining muse, to serve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays †:
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew;
 'Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

* The stars.

† ——— Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
 Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

VIRG.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong,
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
 In life or song, how rare the true sublime!

VI.

None British-born will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the muse!) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast,
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at wind and storms unbroke;
 By strength not hers sublime: thus proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain;
 And lives and echoes thro' the plain,
 While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye groveling sons of verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the muse with impotent desire;
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume,
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

C H O R U S.

Ye Syrens, sing! ye Tritons, blow!
Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
Ye winds in concert breathe around!
Ye navies, to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
Britain to heav'n; from heaven descends my song.

S O M E
T H O U G H T S

Occasioned by the
P R E S E N T J U N C T U R E .

Inscribed to the
D U K E of N E W C A S T L E .

THOUGHTS

PRESENTED IN A

BY

SOME
THOUGHTS

Occasioned by the
PRESENT JUNCTURE*.

Inscribed to the
DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are small, when greater rise to view.
Tho' station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song:
Which, peradventure, may push by the world;
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal;
And leave Europa's counsels less mature:
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear; but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
State's intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee:
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one,
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's supreme prerogative, to stamp
On others minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem

* The late rebellion in 1745.

164 SOME THOUGHTS ON

The stream, that sweeps away the country's weal;
 The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
 Far as thou mayst, give life to virtue's cause;
 Let not the ties of personal regard
 Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands.
 Let not fomented flames of private pique
 Prey on the vitals of the public good.
 Let not our streets with blasphemies resound;
 Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach.
 Let not best laws, the wisdom of our fires,
 Turn satires on their sunk degen'rate sons,
 The bastards of their blood! and serve no point,
 But, with more emphasis, to call them fools.
 Let not our rank enormities unhinge
 Britannia's welfare from divine support.

Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;
 No pow'r is shown but in such deeds as these:
 All, all, is impotence, but acting right;
 And where's the statesman but would shew his pow'r?
 To prince and people thou of equal zeal!
 Be it henceforward but thy second care,
 To grace thy country, and support the throne;
 Tho' this supported, that adorn'd, so well.
 A throne superior our first homage claims;
 To Cæsar's CÆSAR our first tribute due:
 A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong,
 And splendid sacrilege, of all beside;
 Illustrious follows; we must, first, be just;
 And what so just, as awe for the SUPREME?
 Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
 Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
 Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
 Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
 Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
 Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
 Yon savage mountaineers are tame, to these.
 Against those rioters, send forth the laws,
 And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 165

PRUDENCE, for all things, points the proper hour,
 Tho' some seem more importunate, and great.
 Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'rests spread
 Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
 And their grand entries make on distant lands;
 Tho' Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
 And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands
 With one foot planted on the continent;
 Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares.
 Tho' such high cares should call, as call'd of late,
 The cause of kings and emperors adjourn;
 And EUROPE's little balance drop a while;
 For greater, drop it: ponder, and adjust,
 The rival int'rests, and contending claims,
 Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
 Sublimest theme! and needful, as sublime.
 Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
 Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)
 Thus every statesman, thought, that ever—dy'd.
 There's inspiration in a fable hour;
 And Death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
 When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
 Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
 His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand;
 Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
 Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth;
 Spouting proud foams of insolence no more;
 On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
 And sunk beneath the level of a man?
 On the grand article, the sum of things!
 The point of the first magnitude! that point,
 Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach.
 Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
 First, right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
 Steadfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
 These, these are politics will stand the test,
 When finer politics their masters sting;

And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
 These, these are politics will answer, now,
 (When common men would fain to statesmen swell,)
 Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
 All safety rests on honest counsels: these
 immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
 Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
 In peace, rever'd; or terrible in arms,
 Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally:
 Which honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land;
 A land—that starts at such a land as this.
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace;
 And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
 Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.

Britain!—that word pronounc'd, is an alarm:
 It warms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins;
 Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
 Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
 Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
 O what illustrious images arise!
 Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
 By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
 What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
 Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
 Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
 Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
 Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay.
 Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen. They wake;
 High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of war
 Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march,
 Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
 And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain.
 No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
 With blushes; their renown, our shame, no more.
 In military garb, and sudden arms,
 Up starts OLD Britain; crossiers are laid by;

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 167

Trade wields the sword; and Agriculture leaves
 Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
 A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
 And laurels are the growth of every field.
 In distant courts is our commotion felt;
 And, less like gods, sit monarchs on their thrones.
 What arm can want or sinews or success,
 Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends
 With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
 The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
 At every stroke, and save a sinking land?
 Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
 To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
 Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd,
 Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they shed;
 By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
 Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints,
 Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
 Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
 Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
 The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
 To save us in a world they recommend,
 And yet forbear; themselves with earth content;
 What modesty!—Such virtues Rome adorn!
 And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
 Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell.
 And shall a pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
 Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
 And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
 Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
 To cut his passage to the British throne?
 One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
 Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
 Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
 The howling nurse of plund'ring Romulus;
 Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.
 Hail to the brave! Be Britain BRITAIN still:
 Britain! high-favour'd of indulgent Heaven!

168 SOME THOUGHTS ON

Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
 Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source
 Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
 This once so celebrated seat of power,
 From which escap'd, the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
 Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
 This terror of armadas! this true bolt
 Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
 Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
 This small isle, wide-realm'd monarchseye with awe!
 Which says, to their ambition's foaming waves,
 "Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
 Nought dear, disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
 Renown, our ancestors great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons.
 By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
 Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd:
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

 Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
 Cut from the continent, that world of slaves;
 This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
 And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
 That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life!
 This temple of still more divine; of faith
 Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly stamp,
 And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
 With her bless'd Master's unnam'd image shine;
 Why should she longer droop? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword;
 And give him leave, among his dastard troops,

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 169

To muster that strong succour, ALBION'S CRIMES;
 Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
 And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
 Where are her foes most fatal? Blushing Truth,
 "In her friends vices,"—with a sigh replies.
 Empire, on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;
 Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
 If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
 What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
 Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim;
 But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
 The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
 The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?
 Give it that balast, which alone has weight
 With HIM, whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
 Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:
 Above the Florentine's, court-science raise;
 Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
 The pattern, and the patron, of the just.
 Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
 Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
 Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious truth;
 Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
 When our proud arms are once disarm'd; disarm'd
 Of aid from HIM, by whom the mighty fall;
 Of aid from HIM, by whom the feeble stand;
 Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
 Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
 Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;—
 Emasculated, then, most manly might;
 Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:
 Then wither'd weakness foils the sinewy arm
 Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:
 Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
 With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
 What do they? This; and more what can they do?
 When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,

The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war;
 By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
 Such elongation of our armaments,
 But stretches out the guilty nation's neck;
 While Heav'n commands her executioner,
 Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
 Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow;
 And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength:
 "And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."

O BRITAIN! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
 Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
 With all that's great in war or sweet in peace!
 Know from what source thy signal blessings flow:
 Tho' blest'd with spirits ardent in the field,
 Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
 In HIM, who thee, tho' naked, could defend;
 Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
 Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
 How oft has providential succour aw'd,
 Aw'd, while it blest'd us, conscious of our guilt?
 Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
 And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!

Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
 But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
 Would shock too much? Kind Heav'n, avert events,
 Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
 Heav'n's half-bare'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
 In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
 Vengeance delay'd, but gathers, and ferments;
 More formidably blackens in the wind;
 Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended storm.

"That public vice portends a public fall"—

Is this conjecture of advent'rous thought?
 Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?
 Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
 What says Experience, in her awful chair
 Of ages, her authentic annals spread
 Around her? What says Reason eagle-ey'd?
 Nay, what says Common-sense, with common Care
 Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
 All give one verdict; one decision sign;
 And this the sentence, Delphos could not mend:
 " Whatever secondary props may rise
 " From politics, to build the public peace,
 " The basis is the manners of the land.
 " When rotten these, the politician's wiles
 " But struggle with destruction; as a child
 " With giants huge; or giants with a Jove.
 " The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
 " Or military phantoms void of force,
 " But scare away the vultures for an hour;
 " The scent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
 " The stench of profligates?) soon lures them back;
 " On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
 " Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
 " Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
 " Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils;
 " Of universal empire sure presage!
 " Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
 The colour of their manners, black or fair,
 Falls from above; from the complection falls
 Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
 In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin.
 The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives;
 What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong,
 To duty, double duty, are the great?

And are there Samsons that can burst them all;
 Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none;
 Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose gen'rous blood
 Aids mental motives, to push on renown,
 In emulation of their glorious fires,
 From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.

Some few good seed in the glad people's hearts;
 Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text:
 This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
 A foe, who (like a wizard in his cell)
 In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
 Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
 Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
 (Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
 French Magi, relies riding post from Rome,
 A Gothic hero * rising from the dead,
 And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
 With succour suitable, from lower still,)
 A foe, who, these concurring to the charm,
 Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state;
 Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
 And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
 Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
 And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hagues,
 Her Cressis, and her Blenheims), in the dust.

How must this strike a horror thro' the breast,
 Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breast where honour reigns,
 Thro' ev'ry breast where honour claims a share?
 Yes, and thro' ev'ry breast of honour void?
 This thought might animate the dregs of men;
 Ferment them into spirit; give them fire
 To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
 What wreck of empire has the stream of Time
 Swept, with their vices, from the mountain-height

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII, of Sweden.

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 173

Of grandeur deify'd by half mankind,
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Those names, at which surrounding nations shook;
Those names ador'd; a nuisance! or, forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye;
But Nature's course; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant:
'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand, or fall, by the decree.
What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why surpris'd?—
For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call;
And how divine was the monition given?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North;
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving signal of some strange event;
And Ocean groan'd beneath for her lie lov'd,
Albion the fair! so long his empire's queen,
Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes;
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray;)
By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

The STATESMAN'S CREED.

“ Ye states! and empires! nor of empires least,
“ Tho' least in size, hear, Britain! thou whose lot,
“ Whose final lot, is in the balance laid!
“ Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
“ Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know, then,
“ from me,
“ As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
“ State-ministers, as upright, or corrupt,
“ Are balm, or poison, in a nation's veins;
“ Health, or distemper; hasten, or retard,

174 SOME THOUGHTS ON

" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
 " And tho', for reasons obvious to the wise,
 " Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
 " Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
 " 'Tis fix'd! by Fate, irrevocably fix'd!
 " VIRTUE AND VICE ARE EMPIRE'S LIFE AND
 " DEATH."

Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
 Is BRITAIN on her deathbed?—No, that groan
 Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despis'd,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
 With rev'rence, read; with steadfastness, believe;
 With courage, act, as such belief inspires:
 Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;
 Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of Time;
 By nations sav'd, resounding your applause.

While deep beyond your monument's proud base,
 In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod,
 Their execrable names, who, high in power,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state!) give vice her head,
 To licence lewd let loose the public rein;
 Quench ev'ry spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate's applause:
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls;
 Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
 To dæmons, by his Holiness ordain'd
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at ROME;
 Hawk'd through the world, by consecrated bulls;
 And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
 Hate all, that lifted heroes into gods,

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 175

And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that destin'd hell,
Inflicted here, since here their beings end;
That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
On disbelievers——of the Statesman's creed.

Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By most, or all), these truths political
Serve more than public ends: this creed of states
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
The Christian creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler name.

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it, but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
"That men, who stand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal; similarly deals
With states, and persons; or he were not God;
With means, a rectitude immutable,
A pattern sure of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians, well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals! these pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters there, are better scholars here.
Who travel history, in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire;
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By providence turn Christians on their road :
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold ;
May be surpris'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity ;
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded, in excuse
For deviations in our moral line ?

This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend, and fix us in, the right.
If we regard the politics of Heaven,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world ? A supplement of this.
Without it, Justice is defective here ;
Just as to states, defective as to men :
If so, what is this world ? As sure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne), a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet ? then believe him too ;
His prophecy more precious than his smile.
How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose ?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete ;
In danger, he ; nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results ? A truth that should resound
For ever awful in BRITANNIA'S ear :
" Religion crowns the statesman, and the man ;
" Sole source of public, and of private peace."
This truth all men must own ; and therefore will ;
And praise, and preach it too :—and, when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE. 177

What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?

Assume my seat in the dictator's chair?

Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd,)

Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,

Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?

Two mighty columns rise in my support;

In their more awful and authentic voice,

RECORD profane, and sacred, drown the muse,

Tho' loud; and far out-threat her threat'ning song.

Still farther, HOLLES! suffer me to plead,

That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.

Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;

And Truth, plain Truth, is welcome to the wise.

Thus, what seem'd my presumption, is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim;

And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant

Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.

Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,

Which talks of immortality; and bids,

In ev'ry British breast, true glory rise,

As, now, the warbling lark awakes the morn.

To close, my Lord! with that which all should close

And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour,

Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd:—

The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn

Less glorious, after night's incumbent shades;

Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd

With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon;

Than the first feeble dawn of MORAL day:

Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend,)

Tho' the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns,

Sole day worth his regard, whom Heav'n ordains,

Undarken'd, to behold noon dark; and date,

From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,

His all-illustrious and eternal year;

Where statesmen, and their monarchs, (names of awe

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And distance here! shall rank with common men;
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745

A N
E P I S T L E

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.

M D C C X I I.

—————Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjecit umbra.

VIRG.

THE FIRST

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN

INDOCT

THE FIRST

AN
EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSLOWNE.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you:
The muse's friend is pleas'd the muse should press
Thro' circling crowds, and labour for access;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
Ner heav'n repair'd, so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd:

Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chac'd,
 And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
 The smiles of nature could no blessing bring,
 The fruitful autumn, or the flow'ry spring;
 Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
 Not by the various aspects of the year;
 The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
 And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
 When such as you are near her glorious queen!)
 Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,
 And bids us smile on all our labours past;
 Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
 And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
 To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
 No longer is the great man born to bleed:
 Renown'd in council brave Argyll shall tell,
 Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell:
 Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
 And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
 No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
 Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
 Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
 Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows;
 The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
 All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
 And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
 No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
 But rises to new life; in ev'ry field
 He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
 Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
 And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
 As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
 Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
 'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;

In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
 And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
 See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
 Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France;
 So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
 (Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome:
 The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
 Will not that Anna call him all her own;
 He claims a part; and looking round to find
 Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
 A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
 Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
 Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
 Who makes him less regret his darling son;
 So dear is Anna's minister, so great
 Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
 Does nature intrepose the raging main:
 The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
 For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
 From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,
 And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
 Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love,
 And former injuries endearments prove.
 What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
 That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
 Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
 Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
 Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
 And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
 A thousand happy consequences flow,
 (The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow.)
 Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
 Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
 The British merchant, who with care and pain
 For many moons sees only skies and main;
 When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
 The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,

Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height;
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the KING of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead. may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone:
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the LORD.
Anne too shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force to bless
Th' Almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdu'd, to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendor of an earthly throne;

Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
 The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
 Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
 Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
 And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
 Look down, and smile on this auspicious day;
 Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
 Who or at Agincourt, or Cressly, fell;
 Then deep into eternity retire,
 Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
 Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
 What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
 To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
 On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
 Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
 (Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
 Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
 To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
 Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
 And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their blood
 Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
 Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
 From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
 On Heav'n without a sin we now may call,
 And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
 Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath
 Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

• But O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
 Which double use to Britain shall afford;
 Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
 And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
 While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
 The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
 In such bright images, such living grace,
 As leave great Raphael but the second place:

Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep the fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the muses sing?
The muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed;
For Janus shut, her Io Pœans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair);
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scene his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
 Whence nobler service to his country spring,
 Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
 Possess him with a passion for the right?
 With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
 To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
 Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
 And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
 And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
 Lend but your understanding, and their skill
 Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
 Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
 Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
 With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
 And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour
 (The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?
 The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
 When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
 Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
 She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
 But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
 And on her own confession charge the lie.
 Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
 Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
 Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
 Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
 Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
 Their wonted disposition of the mind:
 By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
 As circling glasses on our senses steal;
 Till throughly by the muses banquet warm'd,
 The passions tossing all the soul alarm'd,
 They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
 Rise in their seats and scarce forbear the stage,
 Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
 Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.

How can they cool to villains? how subside
 To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
 To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
 Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
 In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
 To govern and controul the world of wit,
 As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known?
 Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
 He in the lap of elegance was bred,
 And trac'd the muses to their fountain-head:
 But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
 What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
 Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance:
 There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste;
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.
 For Corneille's sake, I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
 What tho' we wrong him? Isabella's wo
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The drama glories in the British muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread:
 Our genius more affects the grand than fine,
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
 They raise a great curiosity indeed,
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
 We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
 They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
 We heighten into terror and despair;
 Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
 Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
 What's great in nature, we can greatly draw,
 Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
 The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
 The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;

Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
 The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
 We know Heav'n made him a far greater man,
 Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
 And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
 To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.
 To claim attention and the heart invade,
 Shakespear but wrote the play th' Almighty made;
 Our neighbour's stage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
 'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise;
 On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls,
 None think of Shakespear till the curtain falls;
 Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
 From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
 But manly conducts of our strong designs;
 That oft they think more justly, we must own;
 Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
 Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
 We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
 So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
 But change a sentiment, you make a fault:
 Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame;
 When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespear something still I find,
 That makes me less esteem all human kind;
 He made one nature, and another found,
 Both in one page with master strokes abound;
 His witches, fairies, and enchanted ille,
 Bid us no longer at our nurses smiles;
 Of lost historians we almost complain,
 Nor think it the creation of his brain.
 Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
 With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
 In great descendents; Shakespear has but one:

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquer'd France, drawn by Shakespear.

And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind silence spare his rival's shame :—
 Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
 What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
 And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespear rise, unblest'd with Talbot's smile,
 Ev'n Shakespear's self would curse this barren isle:
 But if that reigning star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
 Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
 Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,
 Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
 And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
 To you the muse's glory and delight,
 Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
 And mortify an author with your praise.
 Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due;
 But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from you.
 Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
 What tho' the great man set his coffers wide,
 That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
 Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
 Is best rewarded when best understood.
 The muses write for glory, not for gold,
 'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
 The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
 To speak a sense of what the muse deserves;
 The muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no wrong,
 Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
 Should this great theme allure me farther still,
 And I presume to use your patience ill,
 The world would plead my cause, and none but you
 Will take disgust at what I now pursue.

THE LORD LANSDOWNE. 191

Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll chuse
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way;
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

'Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be seen;
'Tho' priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please,
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lyes beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you perhaps alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who shew your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good: that told, so well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.

When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
 That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
 And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
 Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
 (No crowds around for pleasure, or for state),
 You are not cast upon a stranger land,
 And wander pensive o'er the barren strand:
 Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
 In toys to shun the discipline of thought:
 But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
 You chuse companions from all human race;
 Converse with those the deluge swept away,
 Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
 To those ideas your own thoughts present;
 Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
 Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
 In Grecian sages you are only taught
 With more respect to value your own thought.
 Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
 Those precepts we behold alive in you:
 Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules.
 What joy, what pleasing transport must arise
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told?

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
 And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
 When far from Trojan shore the hero spy'd
 His story shining forth in all its pride;
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand,
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confin'd,
 In converse, and reflection on mankind:
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;

Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand?
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Tho' you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
The soul's endowments from the KING of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Gravilles in five thousand years.
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:

* See his Lordship's tragedy entitled, *Heroic Love*.

Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
 But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
 You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
 In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,
 Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
 Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
 Similitude of manners, such a mind,
 As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
 Such ease his common converse recommends,
 As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
 Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
 Of all beneath the sun to bend his course*.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
 Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
 Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd;
 The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind:
 But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
 And all the fury of the north disdains.

How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
 Alas! with me the joys friendship end.
 O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
 Tears soothe the soul's distress, tho' shed in vain.
 Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
 Thy task was early done; and I must own
 Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
 Stafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,
 When first inform'd of his approaching fate;
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late:
 'Twas past; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
 Which liss charm'd with its melodious song,
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:

* His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind;
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine;
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll;
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—Support me,—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear *!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the blessings Peace on Europe show'rs:
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
To make the muse immortal you was born.
Sing: and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page:

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

* The author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman
Mr William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

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